Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1893. No. 4.

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# THE UNITARIAN

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CONTENTS.

Easter Lilies . . . *William Brunton* 145
Things that cannot be Shaken . . . 145
*Prof. J. S. Lee*
The Lesson of the Lily . . . . . 148
*Charles E. Perkins*
Voltaire: A Sketch . . . . . 148
*S. Fletcher Williams*
"All's Right with the World" . . . . 153
*Samuel B. Stewart*
"A Little Child shall lead them" . . 156
*Nellie May Bennett*
Phillips Brooks's Oratory . . . . . 156
*Henry C. Badger*
The Earlier Ministry of Phillips Brooks 159
*Ursula Tannenforst*
Bishop Brooks and Archbishop Tillotson . . . . . 161
Rest through Labor . . . . . 163
*Hattie Tyng Griswold*
Model Dwellings . . *Joseph Krauskopf* 163
A Glimpse of the Universalist Mission in Japan . . . . *Clarence E. Rice* 165
The Immediate Need in Japan . . . . 167
*Clay MacCauley*
Andrew P. Peabody, D.D. *F. B. M.* . 169
Chicago Letter . . . *Celia P. Woolley* 170
"A Triumph of Christianity" . . . . 173
*Charles K. Whipple*
Lessons from Life . . *W. D. Simonds* 173
One Upward Look Each Day . . . . 175
Editorial Notes . . . . . 176

DEPARTMENTS:

Sunday-schools . . *E. A. Horton* 179
Guilds . . . . . *B. R. Bulkeley* 180
Unity Clubs . . . *George W. Cooke* 181
Universalist Notes . *J. C. Adams* 183
Literary Notes . . . . . 183
The Reviews and Magazines . . . 186
News from the Field . . . . . 187
Mrs. Eunice B. Williams . . . . . 192
*James T. Bixby*

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# THE UNITARIAN

A Monthly Magazine of Liberal Christianity.

Vol. VIII. APRIL, 1893. No. 4.

## *EASTER LILIES.*

Easter lilies, in love's brightness,
Show the gospel of new birth;
Clothed in robes of God's pure whiteness,
These evangels rise from earth.
Fragrant comfort near them lingers,
As a star to greet our day.
Like a band of angel singers,
"Man immortal is," they say.

William Brunton.

## *THINGS THAT CANNOT BE SHAKEN.*

A SERMON, BY PROF. J. S. LEE, OF THE UNIVERSALIST THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL, CANTON, N.Y.

The author of the Epistle to the Hebrews (xii. 27) speaks of "the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are created," in contrast with "those things which cannot be shaken," but which will remain. He undoubtedly refers to the Jewish dispensation, which is partial and temporary, in distinction from the Christian, which is universal and final, and cannot pass away. I wish to use this in a broader sense. There are some things in the universe that "perish with the using," while there are others that contain the seeds of immortal life and can never die. Among the latter is:—

1. The religious sentiment itself.

This can never be shaken or removed, but must abide forever. On the contrary, it has sometimes been said that religion is not a permanent possession of the human mind. It may pass away. Science, philosophy, progress in knowledge, refinement, education, endanger its existence. So it may possibly be "shaken," and we cannot rely upon it as a stable possession. I once knew a man of commanding ability, intelligent, endowed with good common sense and strong logical powers, and undoubting faith, who expressed his fear that Tyndall's famous Belfast address, given eighteen years ago, in which he predicated everything upon "matter as the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," would tend eventually to do away with religion, efface it from man's soul, and leave him a being simply of intellect and bodily powers. And Comte, too, propounded the theory that religion would finally become extinct when men should so progress in knowledge as to make it no longer necessary, and science itself would take its place. But such persons mistake man's native powers. Historically, religion has played a most conspicuous part in the affairs of the world. More than any other sentiment has it ruled in the conflict of ages, and it still holds sway.

The religious sentiment is a part of man's nature, and can never die. It springs up within the soul, and can never be plucked out. It is grounded in the intuitions of human nature. It cannot be destroyed, any more than reason, imagination, justice, love, and mercy can be destroyed. Sweeping it out of existence would involve the destruction of all the other powers belonging to the soul.

Religion is veneration for some high, invisible Power; hope, which looks forward to brighter scenes; conscience, which gives us an idea of right and wrong; spirituality, which allies us to the supernatural world; and benevolence, which leads us to do good to our fellow-men. All will admit that these are sentiments of our common nature, born with us and constituting parts of us; and hence they cannot be destroyed unless involved in the destruction of man himself. Man in all ages and conditions of life has communed with a higher Power. He has ever worshipped some Being above himself.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

No man is entirely destitute of it. Every soul has an intuitive sense of the difference between right and wrong, truth and falsehood. Every one has some love, however faint, for his friends, and is disposed to do them good. We cannot entirely efface from our souls the image of God which was originally stamped upon them, and which binds us to him. We cannot break away permanently from the arms of our heavenly Father, even if we would. "All souls are mine" saith the Lord; and we cannot repudiate his ownership. We must respond to the claims which the Almighty has upon us as his children. To use Whittier's words,—

> "I only know I cannot drift
> Beyond His love and care."

There is a permanent basis, then, upon which religion rests. Man is immortal. Religion forms a part of his nature. This, too, is immortal. It will live so long as man lives. It cannot be classed with "things that are shaken." It will live forever.

2. The Christian religion, as the noblest and highest expression of the religious sentiment, will continue to live, as it has lived through all the changes of the world's history for eighteen centuries. In its essential elements, of God, the eternal Father, Jesus, the universal and all-conquering Saviour, man, the child of God, made in his image, and endowed with an immortal soul, the brotherhood of the human race, bound together by ties of natural affection which sin can never snap asunder, constituting "one family in heaven and earth," the destruction of all evil through the mission of Jesus into the world, and the final ingathering of all souls into his kingdom, it appeals to the noblest aspirations of the heart, and offers the strongest incentive to the purest life.

It is adapted to man's nature as a moral and spiritual being, and supplies his every need. More than any other system, it appeals to man's religious instincts. It lays hold of his heart. It whets his spiritual appetite. It is the bread of God, of which, if a man eat, he will never hunger. It is the well of salvation, of which, if a man drink, he will never thirst. The penitent sinner will look to God for forgiveness, and not in vain. The sorrow-stricken and bereaved will seek consolation, and find it through the gospel that will "comfort all that mourn." Those longing for redemption will hail with rapture the prophetic announcement that the whole creation "shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." The sentiment of the universal brotherhood will be recognized, even if it is not fully realized and fulfilled in our dealings with our fellow-men. Those in want and suffering will put their trust in Him who has promised to relieve them. The moral sense will lead us to respect, if we do not faithfully carry into daily practice, the requirements of the divine law. Communities and sects will continue to build churches in which to worship God, with spires pointing toward the blessed land where they hope some time to rest from their labors.

The elements of the Christian religion are in harmony with the healthiest aspirations and noblest instincts of the human soul. They ally us to God, and bind us to our fellow-men. They are indestructible. They will endure as long as God and man endure. "Heaven and earth," says the ever-living Redeemer, "shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

3. Jesus Christ, "the author and finisher of our faith," shall not pass away. He is the great personality around whom gather all the elements of the gospel faith. "Him hath God highly exalted, and given him a name which is above every [other] name" (Phil. ii. 9; Eph. i. 21). He is our Saviour and the Saviour of the world, around whom cluster all the virtues that dignify and adorn our common nature, and all the glorious perfections which ally him to God, the Father. The world has not outgrown him, and never will, however far it may progress. Science, "falsely so called," has assailed him, but in vain. Philosophy has offered various substitutes for his teachings, but all of these have failed to satisfy man's needs. It has attempted to hurl him as King of the spiritual realm from his throne; but he sits there still, "Head over all, blessed forever." He is the central sun, whence beams forth celestial light. He is still "the light of the world," before which all other lights pale. "Jesus

Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

4. Love, as an essential element of the Christian religion, "shall not be shaken." It is an attribute common to God and man. "God is love." It is the kingly attribute of his nature. God so loved the world that he sent his Son to save it" (John iii. 16). More than anything else, Jesus represents the Father's love. He is "the propitiation," the *hilasmos*, the good pleasure, the kindly disposition of God toward his children. For this is the meaning of the original word as used in 1 John ii. 2.

The great plan of "the atonement" is one of love, not of hate, as was once held. Upon this is predicated our duty to love God. The apostle says, "We love him because he first loved us." Love is reciprocal. It changes not. It is ever the same in both worlds, enduring forever. "Neither life nor death, nor principalities nor powers, nor angels, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39). No wonder, when a lady heard this passage repeated, she exclaimed, "Why! that is all!" It is all, for it compasses all in this world and in the future. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," is the promise of the Father to his waiting child. And this love must be reciprocated. True love, to be satisfactory, must be mutual. God loves the sinner. The object of the divine love must "love Him who first loved us" before the latter can be satisfied. Jesus, too, the herald of the Father's love, will never "see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied" (Isa. liii. 11), until every child returns the love first bestowed upon him.

As with the divine, so with human affection. "It never faileth." It will endure. It is not limited to our earthly life. Do we ever think that those ties which bind kindred spirits together here will be forever snapped asunder when the spirit leaves the body? Can we conceive that all this rich wealth of the heart will be swept away on our passage across the Jordan of death? Ah, no! the poet uttered a great truth, to which all hearts respond, when he sang,—

"They sin who tell us love can die;
With life all other passions fly:
All others are but vanity;
But love is indestructible,
Its holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth."

Thus we instinctively feel. We must believe that this sentiment which our Creator has given us for our highest enjoyment here on earth will be transferred into the future world, and remain forever. This must be taken out of the catalogue of "things shaken." It cannot be weakened or destroyed by the mutations of time, or in our transition to that region "where sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

5. Finally, truth is among "those things that cannot be shaken." This, too, is an attribute of God. It pervades his whole being. United with love, it controls all his acts. God rules. Truth is on the throne. "Righteousness and judgment are the foundation of his throne" (Ps. xcvii. 2). "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Men have tried to overthrow truth. They have contrived and plotted, entered into conspiracies and formed intrigues, but all for naught. In an unexpected moment they find all their selfish and ambitious schemes frustrated simply because God rules, and the higher elements of man's nature have been aroused and have asserted themselves. Thus all history teaches this solemn lesson.

For some inscrutable purpose the Supreme Ruler may permit these bad men to succeed for a season,—scheming politicians, selfish rulers, men who deal out misery and damnation over the land and live upon the tears of worse than widowed matrons, the sufferings of orphan children, the degradation of thousands of their fellows who go staggering along the streets or lie helpless in the gutter; but their days are few. Their wicked schemes are overthrown. Thus the way is prepared for the signal triumph of truth.

As an eloquent writer has well said:—

"Who that has read the history of the race can have failed to observe this? The record of men's actions only registers the workings of a directing Providence. He who reads not history with this idea reads it to no purpose. Through every age, by the exertions of every people, by the rise

and fall of nations, does the Deity perfect his work. A conqueror arises and desolates kingdoms by his ambition; and after the tumult has ceased, and the cloud moved by, we see that he was the unconscious instrument of introducing a new form of civilization. A tyrant ruler strives to bring a whole people to the condition of menials, and we see that his oppression was the last irritation required to goad on that people to assert their freedom. A religious bigot kindles the fires of persecution; and then the reformer lights his torch, and the fabric of superstition is consumed." Wicked politicians devise schemes to thwart the will of the people as expressed by the ballot-box; but the better sentiments of the citizens belonging to all parties assume, sway, and hurl these bad men from the height of power and consign them to oblivion. The stern law of retribution reigns throughout the universe, overturning the unhallowed plots of the wicked, and showing favor to the good. Thus falsehood is brushed away, and truth takes its place.

In the providence of God all things work together for good. "The wrath of man shall praise him." "The true always gains by the efforts of the false. The blows of its enemies are so directed that they demolish their own strongholds; and, looking through the long perspective of history, we see how every evil man and evil deed are bent from their purpose and made to minister to the good result." Truly does Paul say to the Corinthians, who were sometimes guilty of compromising truth and error, "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth." So the Psalmist: "This truth endureth to all generations." "Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth through all generations" (Ps. cxlv. 10).

"Thrones which thousands cherish
  Pass, like clouds which sweep the sky;
Creeds and dogmas all may perish,
  Truth herself can never die.

"God himself will e'er defend her
  From the fury of her foe,
Till she, in her native splendor,
  Sits enthroned o'er all below."

We see, then, that there are some things that are stable, and must ever remain. Religion, man's greatest need; the gospel of Jesus, with its wealth of love; Jesus, the light of the world, who has conquered death, and brought life and immortality to light; divine and human love; truth and righteousness,—will endure as long as God endures. This should be an ever-living source of encouragement to the reformer while battling with the evils of the world. There are things "seen and temporal," while there are also things "unseen and eternal," upon which we can rely while looking forward with the eye of faith to the glorious consummation of all things.

---

## *THE LESSON OF THE LILY.*

By the margin of the lake
  Sat the Master long ago,
When with tender voice he spake:
  "See the lilies, how they grow.
Toil they not, nor do they spin,
  Yet in beauty are arrayed,
Such as Solomon the king
  In his glory ne'er displayed.

"And the God who made the flowers,
  Gave them colors rich and rare,
Shall he not these lives of yours
  Make the objects of his care?
If you trust him, if you serve,
  Living nobly day by day,
Shall he not your souls preserve
  From all perils of the way?"

Thus the gracious Master said.
  And the lily in his hand
Seemed to lift its lovely head,
  Seemed his words to understand.
And the lily since has been
  Symbol of a quenchless faith,
Of a spirit freed from sin,
  Of life victor over death.

So, as Easter comes again,
  With its happy, hopeful glow,
We repeat the old refrain,
  "See the lilies how they grow."
And life's mystery groweth clear,
  And the fear departs from death,
And the love of God comes near
  For the words the Master saith.

CHARLES E. PERKINS.

Iowa City, Ia., Easter, 1893.

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## *VOLTAIRE: A SKETCH.*

II.

It is only of late years that it has ceased to be a dangerous task to apologize—though in never so modified a form—for Voltaire. To the majority of men his name, being interpreted, means simply enemy of Christianity. They forget, or have never known, what a vile and wretched parody of Christianity was the system which opposed itself

to him, how great was the moral and ecclesiastical scandals of which he was the implacable enemy. To such his keen and incisive wit, his wonderful power of mocking banter, his brilliant command of language, his achievements in every walk of literature, make him only the more to be hated and feared. No doubt the limitations of his powers and the defects of his character are visible enough upon the surface; and the war, which like an independent potentate, he maintained single-handed against all the powers of Europe, secular and sacred, did not tend to soften a character which was never tender, to deepen a nature which was always somewhat shallow. But, in spite of all this, he must be accepted as one of the most powerful champions of human liberty that ever wielded pen in a good cause. If, as seems clear, he was at heart a courtier, a scorner of the people, a man who thought that laboring men were fit only for a yoke of iron and a diet of hay, justice requires us to remember that there was another side to Voltaire's character, and that, if he could lie and cringe, he could also make Europe ring with denunciations of cruelty and hypocrisy. The Catholic Church of France left heretics to lift their voices in favor of these great elemental instincts of justice and mercy which the most weighty of dogmatic systems cannot stifle. Voltaire touched the heart of Europe by his passionate and fearless determination that justice should be done to the memory of Calas, who had died at the bidding of religious bigotry. No one ever did a better or a braver deed, with more effort, or against greater difficulties, than his triumphant defence of the memory of the judicially murdered man, and the reversal of the iniquitous sentence which had been passed upon him. A true estimate of Voltaire can never be formed unless we remember how the persecuted and oppressed brought their tales to him, with a certainty that he would be more just than priests or kings, and in the end more powerful. The principle of religious toleration might have been long postponed in France but for the man whose sarcasm and wit and reasoning overcame the priestly denunciation of its impiety. Nor is it fair to forget what he said in favor of peace at a time when kings and courtiers seemed to think that war was their natural calling. His common sense stripped off the tinsel which hides the reality of campaigns. On that subject he sometimes said things which might be profitably considered even in these days of enlightenment. It was by his pleas for the best interests of civilization, for the rights of the free, for the dignity of justice, and the need of mercy that Voltaire won such respect as he obtained from his countrymen. It is his good as much at least as his bad qualities that have perpetuated his influence among them. Nor can we repeat too often, or emphasize too strongly, that many even of his attacks on religion would never have been made if religion had not been identified in his eyes with a priesthood hostile to intellectual research and relentlessly intolerant. He said nothing against the religion which he found during his residence in England. His praises of the English Friends (or Quakers) are among the heartiest pieces of eulogy that ever came from his pen. Indeed, one of the services which Protestantism has done to England has been to make an English Voltaire impossible.

But, unfortunately, much remains to be said on the other side. Nothing can excuse the jests which he poured upon the sanctities of life, the radical impiety of his nature, his almost ape-like levity, or the licentiousness which sometimes darkened his mockery. No great writer has less gravity or personal dignity. Although the badness of the time in which he lived, and the faults of the only Church which he really knew, may palliate some of his faults, they can never atone for his habitual irreverence. He might have been expected to see some good in the Church which had produced Fénelon, and which brought consolation to millions of his countrymen. Rousseau, although more objectionable in some ways because more deeply smitten with a moral taint, has an incomparably higher conception of the issues presented even by the most faulty forms of Christianity. It is quite true that Voltaire's wit has done more than any other individual influence to blight the religious reverence of several generations of Frenchmen. Voltaireanism became a kind of anticlerical religion, which has more than once darkly written itself in acts. It has also painfully tended to keep the Catholicism of

France from learning the true lessons which underlie the extravagance and the impiety of the Revolution. Catholicism has naturally shrunk from accepting tenets which it had learned to identify with the name of its arch-enemy. Happily, the worst forms of Voltaireanism now belong to the past. It is no longer thought decorous to sneer at religion in polite society. Writers who are least in agreement with dogmatic theology would disdain to imitate the mocking spirit of the "Philosophical Dictionary," and coarse attacks on the Christian religion are now made only in the slums of literature and politics. Voltaireanism now denotes opposition to the political influence of the clergy rather than hostility to religion.

Voltaire can never be forgiven for the atrocious poem in which he sullies the fair reputation of the Maid of Orleans. Shameless indecency could with difficulty go further than in this mock-heroic poem. We may allow to him all his merits, his absolute detestation of and unwearied energy in fighting against wrong in high places, and falsehood in holy places, with his whole heart. He scorned "the blood on the hands of the king, and the lie on the lips of the priest." Nor was the scorn of scorn his greatest virtue; for he loved not Humanity with a large H perhaps, but certainly every down-trodden and persecuted human being. He could be generous; he was brave, in a sense; he was full of fire sent to burn up many shapes of evil. With all this he was blind to the beauty of things of price, to the loveliness of old things and honorable, blind to the goodness of devotion to native land, and of loyalty to a line of far-descended kings. To him a king was Louis XV., or, at best, Frederic. To him the Church was Cardinal Rohan. This scorn of his, and this blindness, made him sin, as it were, the unpardonable sin of literature. When Joan Darc was burned, it is said that "ten thousand men wept." Some of the English alone tried to laugh. One of them had sworn to throw a log on the pile. As he cast it, the maiden died. The soldier, overcome with horror, declared that he had seen a white dove fly from the mouth of the martyr. The secretary of the English king said, "We are all lost: we have burned a saint." This anecdote is part of the legend of Joan Darc, and it proves nothing except the power which her purity and courage and faith unshaken have exercised over the rude fancy of the people. But Voltaire, the refined man of letters, was absolutely untouched by her purity and courage. He did what the coarse English soldier attempted, — he threw the last and most loathsome fagot on the fire of the virgin and martyr. He blasphemed chastity and faith and love of native land, and he taught others to blaspheme them, in the abominable poem of "La Pucelle." Joan Darc has had a huge pile of artistic follies heaped about her memory. We may hope that Mr. Swinburne is right, when he declares, in very powerful terms indeed, that Shakespeare is guiltless of the sin of the last act in the first part of "Henry VI." Setting this aside, Joan has suffered much from many writers,—from the absurd Chapelain, from Schiller, from M. Wallon, whose history, says Sainte-Beuve is "feebleness itself, with a dash of superstition." But Voltaire, of malice and aforethought, committed an unpardonable literary crime, all because Joan happened to have been born when purity was a virtue, patriotism not mere narrowness, and faith a duty.

It is through a very curious reaction that Joan Darc is now reverenced by the descendants of her murderers, while Voltaire's offence against her is the greatest blot on his memory. No one will pretend that the ideas in which Joan believed have recovered much ground, or even held their ground, since Voltaire's time. We need not hold, and we do not, that she actually beheld a great "prud'homme" with wings, who turned out to be an archangel. It is, on the whole, just as probable that she heard the whisperings of the "ladies of the wood and water," the fays who haunted the sacred oak in her father's close, where the wayfarers made sacrifice of a pin or a rag from their clothing, where the peasant children hung garlands and danced to the music of the ballad. Nereids or archangels in the forests of the Vosges are both beautiful figures in our picture of Joan, as they were in her vision of the mysterious world about her. But to Voltaire, though he would have pardoned and respited the fairies,—he says so in one of his poems,—to Voltaire the angelic visitor was a terrible offence. Joan, in his eye, was just what Louise Lateau has been in our day in the eyes of some very young and very

Red French workingmen. She was a designing, dangerous minx, pretending to impossible and most undesirable virtues. It is here that we come on the constantly denying side of Voltaire's genius, the side that is absolutely full of a blind hatred of the past. To him English or French of Joan's time were but the Bulgarians and Westphalians of "Candide,"—robust, military savages, with absurd and demoralizing superstitions. He was annoyed, he said, "to see the rights of men attacked and violated with impunity, to see the race of fanaticism and the fury of ambition and of avarice, and to hear preachers all the time denouncing the errors of amusement." Therefore, his virtuous indignation took the shape which is notorious in the history of literature. He could not dislike the faults of an age and of a system without being moved to throw filth on the purest and noblest figure, a figure absolutely without reproach. In this there was, of course, a love of a foul form of mischief, an ape-like mockery for its own sake. The result is that we have to put a force on ourselves, if we wish to do Voltaire justice, and to think of his faults with more allowance than he chose to make for the virtues of the Maid of Orleans. The two represented the best spirit of the old France and the most potent and destructive spirit of revolutionary France. It is hard indeed for the country of which they were children to escape an uncharitable form of the religion of Joan, on the one hand, and an ungenial form of the wit of Voltaire, on the other. The two extremes still exist for mischief side by side.

It is plain that in the hundred and twelve years which have elapsed since his death Voltaire has not yet found his place as the greatest man of letters. His name is still a war-cry. The passions he excited have not yet grown cool, the abuses he warred against are not dead, his reckless and unsympathetic mode of controversy has still friends almost as fiery and one-sided as he himself was. In England we are able to see Voltaire as he was: we can make allowance for his lack of the historic sense, for his wholesale condemnation of opinions that have a heart of goodness and worth, for his licentiousness, his flippancy. Voltaire came to us in the ripening hour of his genius: from England he borrowed his love of free speech and free thought, and the germs, perhaps, of his philosophy. He scattered English ideas in French soil, and a Cadmean race of armed men sprang up from that sowing, and a host of antagonisms that are still fighting a battle to the death. In France people for seventy years have only heard the din of the conflict and the cries of new combatants. The Church has been assailed by sneers, and ruined by the efforts of men like Lamennais,—traitors within the walls,—and tempted to hollow truces of humanitarians. She has seen a queer pasteboard camp raised over against her, in imitation of her own battlements, by Auguste Comte. She has had to repel, as best she might, theologies and philosophies borrowed from Germany, and the results of the historical method as applied to the growth of religion. In all this seventy years' war the devout have recognized the figure of Voltaire. Even after his death they have beheld him leading and cheering on the armies of Antichrist, as certain Spanish conquerors beheld the apparition of Saint James taking part in a battle with the Aztecs. We, in England, on the other hand, can look on more calmly, knowing pretty well the essential nature of Voltaire's doctrines, and having some sound faith in the eventual triumph of truth. The dispute is not so envenomed or so personal here as in France. The abuses and anomalies were always feebler, and consequently were less dear to the clergy and the privileged classes.

It is easy enough, even with our less vivid experience, to understand how the very name of Voltaire rouses irrational anger. Wycliffe has been dead much longer than Voltaire, and in his life he was a less powerful and imposing influence. Yet, when the anniversary of Wycliffe is celebrated, we are accustomed to see a number of old delusions led out on both sides, and a number of exploded slanders revived by his clerical enemies in the Church of England. It is not odd that Voltaire should cause far more wild commotion in France. Both sides are determined to see him only in one character: both recognize in him only the enemy of clericalism. The priests avow that he was the blasphemous foe of everything divine; for priests have always been wont to beg the question, and to confine their practices and interests with religion. The enemies of

the *parti prêtre* forget his monarchical works, avert their eyes from the "classical" character of his poetry, and from his want of sympathy with the people. To them he is simply the man who drove for a time the ancient superstitious snake from the altars and temples of France. In view of that great service, they are content to overlook his many sins of omission and commission. Prelates may represent him as unpatriotic, the courtier of kings, the profligate, the haunter of a society into which he was not born, and in which he had to submit to many insults. All these charges carry no weight. The partisans of Voltaire are comforted by the reflection that it is the clergy who take up these calumnies, and that the clergy must have suffered much at the hands of Voltaire before they lost their tempers so completely. This irreconcilable war between two parties who can never understand each other, or admit the virtues and truths which each possesses, is possibly the result of Voltaire's system. Nothing could have been less conciliatory, nothing more unscrupulous. Partly out of malice and love of mischief, partly out of real hatred of practices false, mischievous, and degrading, he insulted and annoyed his spiritual foes in every ingenious way. No taunt or sneer was too unsavory, no burlesque of Biblical or religious history too contemptuous. Yet the Church, and those very parts of its doctrine and ceremonial which Voltaire assailed most angrily, are still almost the greatest force in France. Between the clergy and laity—nay, between men and women—there is an unremitting and secret strife. Surely, this proves, if proof were wanted, that Voltaire's method was the wrong one. His ridicule did not kill. His satire disproved nothing, his wit rankled and imbittered controversy, his humor raised a mere cloud of words in which the essential points in the discussion are lost, his credulity, when credulity served his purpose, almost outwent that of his opponents.

Voltaire was all the Luther that France had to show; and his name, like Luther's, has become a party watchword. The consequence is that disputants are kept in the old grooves. A Frenchman is a Voltairean or not a Voltairean. About sixty or seventy years ago, in the time of Chateaubriand and of the romantic school in art, there was a brief and rather sentimental reaction against Voltaire. People disapproved of his taste, whatever they thought of his doctrines. Even now France has scholars distinctly anti-clerical who are remote from Voltairism. These were and are the exceptions. The ordinary man, if he is not an Ultramontane, is a disciple of the patriarch of Ferney. The result is that people are still arguing on the old planes, from which the rest of Europe is moving. The ecclesiastical organization that Voltaire detested is bound to give up nothing that he hated. His disciples are bound to be as superficial, unsympathetic, and contemptuous as himself. This legacy of suspicion and hatred, these obstructive tendencies, are the evil part of the legacy he left France. The qualities of Gibbon, very similar to those of Voltaire, have left no such effect in English thought and English literature. They never were the property and tradition of a party militant. The good and evil that Voltaire did alike lived after him. His life covered nearly a century. How immense is the secret change between 1694, when Voltaire was born, and 1778, when he died! The Tartuferie, the violent ecclesiastical domination of the later days of Louis XIV., was riddled through and wounded almost mortally by the arrows of Voltaire's scorn.

The whole doctrine of privileges and of classes of people born with peculiar rights was undermined and tottered to its fall. The rights of Science to investigate the universe and to proclaim her opinion were established. The grossly superstitious explanations of things were exposed and made ridiculous. Without Voltaire the change must have come, no doubt; but it would have come less quickly. Would it have been attended with less ruin of faith, happiness, and human peace and good will? On that point man can only guess. We must take the good as thankfully as may be, and neither too much indulge nor altogether reject that "regret for a lost world" which Voltaire was incapable of feeling. Or rather, as his most graceful and tender poem shows us, he, too, knew this regret, but only as a sentiment that crossed for a moment the clear field of his intellectual vision. "If any man," it has been well said, "refuses to put up with an abuse or an anomaly because it is an abuse or an anomaly,—be it in matters

social, in matters political, or in matters religious,—that man, whether he knows it or not, would have had less inclination to make his attempt, and less chance of succeeding, had it not been for Voltaire." One of whom this may be said with truth must, whatever the faults that marred his character and genius, come on some far distant day to be the hero of a nation, not of a party. In spite of his scorn and levity, he, too, had a generous love of his fellow-men; and mankind will not forget him. His sullied memory is partially redeemed from reproach by the fact that he was possessed for a whole lifetime by a burning hatred of injustice and lies. The real work of his life, the work which will be remembered forever, was to smite hard all forms of what he thought intellectual falsehood and all classes of men that dealt therein. He made terrible mistakes and committed terrible errors, it is true. He was often reckless where caution was an imperative duty; he was often irreverent amid the most hallowed sanctities; he was often so utterly untrue to his principle as to use falsehood to strike falsehood; he, too, often acted in a spirit which has debauched the conscience of France almost as much as the teaching and example of the men whom he assailed. But, in spite of these blots on his memory, he hardened the intellect of his country, and taught it to look facts straight in the face. S. FLETCHER WILLIAMS.

Scarborough, England.

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## "ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD."

"God's in his heaven,—
All's right with the world."
—*Browning.*

Why is it that we do not at once see that God is good? Why is it that ever we ask the question whether things in the large are right or not? It must either be because the power of vision is limited, and we see things partially and not wholly, or else because our vision is clouded over.

The brevity of life is, of course, a first hindrance to our comprehension of the divine economy. We do not live long enough here in this world to see and know things as they really are. Time enough is not allotted us to search through the heights and depths of the providences. It is but a glimpse we get, a partial, transient, unsatisfying glimpse of the vast purposes that are developing in the visible universe, and in our marvellous existence in it. We must consider that, and we must consider also that the means we have at hand for discovering the ways of the spirit are meagre and imperfect. Thought rising on loftiest pinion cannot mount so high. Reason, with all the majesty of its powers, cannot explore and take in the complex and shifting order. And our experience, though it covers such wide and varied range of phenomena, teaches us but the alphabet of the divine economy.

We are in the case of the astronomers. They have to-day the most powerful instruments of observation. They turn them to the heavens; and what do they find? Not by any means that they can penetrate the celestial systems or enclose in their tiny glass the whole glittering universe. On the contrary, they find that it extends infinitely beyond the reach of their small instruments of discovery, and that its contents multiply in bewildering magnitude and profusion, that the stars are as many as the grains of sand of which the earth is composed.

It is the same with their mathematics. The mathematics of the astronomer are so marvellously elaborated that only the clearest intellects can understand and use them; and, though they have yielded the most amazing results, the complexity of the celestial laws still baffles and confuses.

We are in the same case, I say, in respect to the spiritual universe. We have no means of penetrating it or enclosing it, so but that it grows upon us more and more, and involves us in greater and yet greater bewilderment.

Nor is that all. We cannot see things as we expect on account of the cloudiness of the medium through which we look. I believe there are but a half-dozen nights or so in a year when the astronomer has a perfectly clear and unobstructed field of observation. When we should say the atmosphere is perfectly clear, he tells us that there is a haze, invisible to the naked eye, obscuring the stars, and that there are few days when there are not fogs and smokes and minute dust to prevent observation.

So it is with our fine instruments of spiritual observation, with the imagination, with the reason. There are occasions when we

cannot use them if we would, and are obliged to sit in the fog and smoke and confusions of the world, and wait. Sometimes we must wait until tired of waiting, and we begin to complain that it is impossible to get any observation at all. Alas! how often we are bidden to give up life without even having had the one coveted observation we had hoped for!

Physical troubles, like a cloud, intercept our vision of the goodness of God. So do mental troubles. Besides, our dispositions often throw up such exhalations of misery, and the winds of ill-fortune blow so much dust in our eyes, that it is only in a dim and confused way that we can see and feel that "God's in his heaven."

But because our instruments are feeble and we have to make our observations with much difficulty, and fail to discover what we wish, we must not conclude that God's *not* in his heaven. That, at least, is not the way of the astronomers. Though they cannot bring the universe within their telescopes and mathematics, they have discovered enough to assure them that it is a cosmos. They have found that its beautiful structures are obedient to eternally perfect laws. He is the universe, say they; and what there is within our reach is good and beautiful. So far as we can see, we find perfections everywhere. The farther we get, the more the perfections multiply. In truth, the imperfections resolve themselves gradually into perfections.

So, whether we understand God entirely or not, we may understand him somewhat. We may understand him at least to such extent that our hearts may be thrilled with love and rapture over his works and ways with us. That we do not understand him wholly makes no difference. We see enough to know that he is good.

Another consideration that helps us to see and feel that "God's in his heaven" is the everlasting life and the endless development of nature. The great law of evolution, which knowledge has so completely established and so beautifully set forth, tells us how things go on spiritually as well as physically; and we should be most unwilling to go back to the ancient ideas of the divine economy.

If once we were satisfied with the idea that the world was created in a day, that man was originally perfect, but lost his divinity by a catastrophe, and that it was only by a miracle that he can recover it; or imagined that man was a plaything in the hands of two great powers, God and Satan, who tossed him about, now tenderly, now mercilessly, as a cat plays with a mouse; or once thought of existence as a circle, the serpent with its tail in its mouth the emblem of it,—thought of all things and creatures as returning endlessly into themselves,—how much more stimulative to the imagination is the idea of the unfolding of eternal life in an unfolding universe; the idea of a living principle manifesting itself in an ascending series of cosmical and spiritual forms; the mind of man growing with all other things; the truth coming more and more; love and beauty appearing and reappearing in a succession of spring-times; all things above and below within the sweep and compass of Holy Reason and Holy Love; we ourselves within the sweep, having our freedom within our spheres and doing what we can,—though it be with much suffering and wrong-doing, yet what we can, and doing it under the energizing and fructifying impulses of infinite life that works within the soul as it works within the body, pushing on all its powers and functions, at the same time it endows its developing forms with every grace and power.

Now, if you are sure of beauty and goodness in the world around you, you must be sure of the beauty and the goodness of God as its principle of development. If you are sure of the majesty and the sanctity of your own soul, you must be sure of the majesty and the holiness of God, the root and stem and flower of your being.

And so the evil that in moods of desperation we complain of and erect into a power coequal with God, because it makes life the scene of painful struggle, we construe as a transient condition of the universal expansion and development. Were there no decaying, there were no growing; no lapses from duty, there were no regenerations; no violations of law and no failures of love, there were nothing to do. No longer would this be a living world. The soul would have no existence. Evolution of life-forms, of thought-forms, of character-forms, would altogether cease. We are living in a partially made world; God is still working at

it; we are his workmen; he is carrying out his ideas through us; from him we get our daily wage and profit. Nor can we work without much loss and suffering, without much seeming unreward; for what we do we cannot always see our money. We are in that undeveloped state where we make mistakes, do ourselves wrong, and do others wrong. We have feeble perception, imperfectly developed minds, weak wills, and oftentimes are unaccountable for our conduct. Still, God is working in us; he is the conscience in us; he is the heart in us that loves what is right and good; he is the power in us by which we are trying to rectify our lives.

Even death we cannot think of as extinguishing the light that is in us, because we cannot conceive of such love and reason as dwell within the human breast except as of eternal continuance, and as rehabilitating themselves for new service in a realm of spiritual activities of whose range and duration we can form not even the dimmest idea. Hence we say that "God's in his heaven," and "All's right with the world."

Another thing that helps us to see and feel it is the constant cumulation of knowledge, the constant increase of spiritual forces. We are most certainly making spiritual gains. Notwithstanding there are enough to say they cannot see where virtue gains in the long run, we must still adhere to our assertion.

Are we not in the habit of estimating spiritual gains and losses by material standards? and do we not thus sometimes err in our reckonings? For example, if I have expended a given quantity of physical strength in hammering out a piece of iron or in adding up a hundred columns of figures, physically I am by such measure exhausted. But, if I have expended a given amount of moral energy in an act of heroism or charity or patient devotion, I have not by so much diminished the moral force of my being. On the contrary, I have increased it: I have doubled it; it may be that I have trebled or quadrupled it. No one knows how much I have increased it. But it is certain that I have given it an incalculable increment.

The world's moral and intellectual capital is upon the increase. You see it growing in literature, in the social elevation of the race, in the vastness of human discovery and research, in the increasing power and activity of man in all these things, and especially in the accumulating quantity of character which you find in the multiplying biographies of mankind. The material building and production of the past is gone or fast going from sight. You can hardly trace the foundations of great empires or locate their most magnificent structures. Their arts are lost, and we have only fragments of their genius for building. But see how the spiritual forces of mankind have propagated themselves above all this desolation,—how they have stored themselves away in the world's heart to be reproduced million-fold in the increasing enlightenment and the developing conscience of mankind as we know it to-day. It is on the ground that the expenditure of moral force by the individual does not diminish or exhaust, but, on the other hand, increase and strengthen him,—increase and strengthen him indefinitely. Every conquest you make makes you doubly strong to resist when a new occasion arises. When you have said, "No, I will not," and said it with firmness, you have not only never to say it again, but the moral force within you will have accumulated to such serene and inviolable strength that afterward evil will not dare approach you with its solicitations.

Well, there is the same cumulation of spiritual strength from the discipline of life. You are never left at just the same level after a new trial that a former trial left you. Every added trial may, I confess, in some instances, injure the natural buoyancy of the heart; but with most persons it is met with an accumulated force of religious feeling that makes it less difficult to bear than preceding trials of a similar kind. We learn how to bear our troubles. The more we are afflicted, the deeper insight we get into things,—not to know and understand them by any means; indeed, to know but very little compared with what we cannot know; yet more, and yet still more. The increasing insight gives us a stronger hold on hope. And the continuance of blessings all through our afflictions adds more and more to our trust and confidence. Were it not for this, we might feel that "all's wrong with the world." As it is, we cannot feel so. The good spirit sooner or later comes to the

front; the hosts of Satan get beaten back, and are at a disadvantage; they have finally to surrender. Even a criminal is a self-condemned man: he knows that he has stolen or has murdered; he acknowledges it to himself, acknowledges it before God. The libertine wearies of his lust and violence, and hurries himself out of existence, withered by the scorn and contempt and fear which his own divinely implanted sense of the pure and uncontaminated heaps upon him. Dishonesty, untruthfulness, any kind of lying or wrong, is weak and vulnerable; it hides and sneaks; it is destitute of bravery; it has no power of self-defence. A criminal may break jail, but he cannot escape public opinion nor the condemnation of his own conscience. Evil is under guard. It is watched. It has no freedom. But, whatever sword-thrusts the right may receive, it cannot be slain.

Hence, if we will only be willing to wait and be patient, if we will be observant and philosophical, we shall see that, after all, the world's coming out right in the end. What is required of us is that we shall not brood over things that are wrong except so long as it is necessary to make them better; that we shall not torture ourselves by magnifying the exceptions to the rules, the breaks in the laws, the sufferings that are transient. We must look straight at the everlasting good, and make everything serve it. Sometimes we say it is fruitless to pursue these questions. But it is not quite so. New lights are thrown upon the ways of the spirit by the inquiring mind: so are they by faithful service of the good. There is no problem, whether of evil or suffering, or social morals, or death or the future, upon which, when we earnestly set about it, we do not come out to comforting and satisfying conclusions. The more we reflect upon these things in the spirit of learners, hopeful and desirous of knowledge, the more light we get. SAMUEL B. STEWART.

Lynn, Mass.

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He is well poised on this round, rolling sphere who is balanced, on the one hand, by pleasant memories wrought out in a goodly way in the past, balanced, on the other hand, by bright hopes well earned, waiting a happy realization in the future.—*W. M. Bicknell.*

## *"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."*

A group of merry children were at play
In the door-yard of a farm-house large and old,
One bright-eyed boy with curly hair of brown,
Two little girls with sunny locks of gold.

O happy little ones, with hearts of joy,
And lives that yet know not the touch of care!
While at the window, watching, mother sits,
With threads of silver gleaming in her hair.

Across her vision to and fro they pass,
Within her heart their merry laughter rings,
As, drawing threads o'er holes in little socks,
She sits awhile, and works, and softly sings.

Anon a hush comes o'er the children's glee,
And grouped in earnest converse now they stand.
See, there, the subject of their talk, a great,
Green worm the boy holds in his outstretched hand!

"It must be so," says Bess, the older girl,
With voice so sweet and eyes so bright and blue,
"My teacher told us, and she would not say,
I'm very sure, a thing she thought not true."

"But, Bess," says little Dot, "how could it be?
That beautiful, big butterfly to come
From anything so ugly and so mean
As that,—that dreadful, horrid, great, green worm!"

The boy looks grave a moment, then he turns,
And towards the door he looks, then quickly goes.
"Come, girls, papa is in the house," he says.
"Come, Dot and Bess, come in: *our father knows.*"

O mother heart, beat high within thy breast!
Let fall upon thy cheek the glistening tear!
Thy bright-eyed boy has caught the utmost lore
A waiting world may ever hope to hear.

Those words, so fraught with tender, reverent love!
How with the passing years their meaning grows
From simple adoration of the child
To fuller, deeper love that manhood knows!

Our Father! 'Tis the prayer that Jesus taught.
On through the years its music sweetly flows,
The answer to our unbelief and doubt.
O restless heart, be still! *Thy Father knows!*

NELLIE MAY BENNETT.

Roxbury, Mass.

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## *PHILLIPS BROOKS'S ORATORY.*

I have heard many of our ablest orators,—Edward Everett, George William Curtis, Wendell Phillips; but I set Phillips Brooks beside the best of them, because he so surpassed them all in putting the art of his oratory wholly out of sight. "He's but a *poor speaker,*" everybody said. I smiled when I heard them say it. *Ars est celare artem.* In some of the highest elements of

oratory he was the most consummate and skilful speaker to whom I ever listened.

First of all, I never saw any other man of such commanding presence who could so quickly make his hearers wholly forget him, turn their attention from his personality, and fix it intently on the message he stood there to deliver. Eager to see him, intent on watching every motion, curious as to his dress, his looks, his eyes, his hair, his gestures, his manuscript, those hearers found that within five minutes they had forgotten all that, and were looking eagerly into his face, often leaning forward in their seats, listening with breathless interest to the word he came to speak.

I see three elements—and there must be many which I do not see—that contributed thus to his mastery over men. First, his very rapid speech was one very marked source of his power. It compelled people to listen. It made his audience instantly silent, breathless, and deeply attentive. It made them at once feel their unity as it forced on them a common effort, and the sense of a common need or desire. It banished all diverting thoughts. It immediately hushed any audience with the sense of some earnest need and common longing. His own style, and the whole method, aim, and burden of his oratory, forced on him that rapidity. Never remotely approaching the verbose, he yet was most voluble. The words rushed on with terrific speed, but the thoughts were always well separated: they were never huddled together, never bunched or crowded into the hearer's mind. The listener always had time fairly to take in one idea before being dragged away by another. The six thousand words he would speak in thirty minutes contained fewer thoughts than Frederic Henry Hedge would have put into two thousand words.

That was the second element of Phillips Brooks's power: he was not primarily dealing with "thoughts." He was not lecturing. He was not didactic. He was directly dealing with something higher and deeper than thoughts. He wholly subordinated the intellectual to the spiritual. He spoke to men's sympathies, longings, self-reproaches, regrets, and hopes. He was not arguing, seldom reasoning. He thus spoke with authority. He spoke as did Christ Jesus himself,—not as a rationalist, seldom as an instructor, but as one who stood face to face with God, and merely bade men look up and see that which he himself saw.

His profound sincerity, his unconsciousness, his deep seriousness, the eager earnestness of his speech, thus took hold profoundly on any hearer's sympathies; while the tremendous rapidity of that verbal river added immensely to the moral momentum, till the hearer, now wholly swept away, felt that this was, indeed, deep calling unto deep.

A third factor contributing to his forensic or oratorical force was the fact not of the lowness of his tones, nor yet of their sadness, but that they were always pitched in the minor key. His very low beginnings were indeed elements of oratorical skill. That compelled his audience to an instant silence and breathless attention, which at once forced on *them* the effort other orators at first take upon themselves. It gave an air of importance to what he said, or a suggestion of his own sense of its value, as he knew men would so eagerly listen to it. But, low or loud, his tones never took on the brilliant qualities of stage or platform oratory. This differentiated his word from that of any other orator known to me. With a most joyful, hopeful, optimistic faith, he yet ever spoke like a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. It has been said that nature's voices are all pitched in the minor key. I know not why such tones are or should be called sympathetic. Joy is far more contagious than grief or pain. Possibly, that is why we do not call out to others to share it, knowing that it is self-diffusive, while true sorrow hides and shrinks, and needs to be sought and shared and sympathetically lured to its confession and cure.

But the tone that goes straight to the human heart, always and everywhere, is that low and kindly tone of earnest, simple, true, and unassuming fellow-feeling. That was Phillips Brooks's key-note. He demanded of you nothing for himself. He but asked to show his belief in you at your best as a son of God, and his faith that you would yet rise to realize that awful and mighty fact. He thus spoke to the universal human heart. He spoke one day the same discourse to the boys in the Concord Reformatory and to the girls at Wellesley College. It was just as well suited to the one company as to the other. The same

human needs, heaven-born self-reproaches, and divine longings were as really present in the prison as in the school; and he was man enough to show to felons that he knew it and felt it to be so, and stood but as their fellow and comrade and equal in presence of the infinite holiness of God.

His lofty ideal of the preacher's function helped him to banish all double consciousness from his own mind, to sink his individuality out of sight, and to fill his heart with an absolute humility.

On concluding his grandest sermon, he seemed but to turn to God in humiliation and contrition that, on so momentous an occasion and on so magnificent a theme, he had been able to make only so miserable a speech. Who could ever detect in him the conceit of self-satisfaction or the gleam of a pride that exulted in its own power?

One thing now I do miss and lament. One high act and service was needed to round out and complete his official life and his message to his fellow-man: that was that he should presently have been called to Cambridge to give the Dudleian Lecture on the Validity of non-Episcopal Ordination. I had ventured to suggest it. I do not suppose the suggestion had yet reached him.

He would not have done it, I am sure, early in his episcopate, as though to provoke his critics, and needlessly to wake discord within his own Church or diocese. But after a few years I believe he would have taken up the task as a high duty; and his unflinching testimony would have given us an epoch-making word in the life of our American Church.

He never shrank from testifying against what he calls the "*fiction of an apostolic succession in her ministry.*" "*There is no such peculiar commission belonging to her or any other body.*" ("Twenty Sermons," p. 56.) He says elsewhere, "*There is no line in the Prayer Book which declares any such theory.*" (Sermon after the General Convention in 1886.)

Phillips Brooks's life has, however, a wonderful completeness and symmetry just as it stands. He had said enough. He had more nearly and fairly shown us his full measure than most great men do. It is marvellous that there are now so few flaws in the work or defects in the record.

If any yet fail to see his vast *mental* superiority over any of our didactic or rationalistic preachers of the Yale College or Joseph Cook type, let them read his "Lectures on Preaching," and then re-read them, and then read them again. I believe neither the English language nor any other has anything worthy to stand beside them, treating such a theme,—judging the wide reading, the wit, the wisdom, the mental grasp of the problem, the keenness of the analysis, the profoundness of the insight, the earnestness of the plea, or the perfect comprehension of the problems of our day, when, as he says, men of science "repeat on their own ground every offensive and arrogant peculiarity of the priestcraft whose historical enormities they so fondly and truly upbraid" (p. 226). That book I would lay beside the Bible of every young minister to-day. I would have every preacher read it every year as long as he lives.

Finally, I am glad that I have lived to see the bishop's lawn stretched to invest so great a man. The new labors may have prematurely ended his life. Even so, it was nobly concluded. I know that dear and valued friends of his dreaded to see him so invested. I myself shrink from that photograph of the bishop with the ruffles about his wrists. They look girlish, and seem silly. They remind me of a memorable scene at Cambridge, when his friends were agitated over the suggestion of his accepting the episcopate. He sought the opinion of one valued counsellor, then as now a high officer of the college, who vigorously answered him:

"Well, sir, I have seen an eagle in many aspects. I have seen him soaring in the sky. I have seen him stuffed and mounted in the museum. I have seen him shut up in a cage. *But, sir, I never before saw an eagle that was willing to come down and shut himself up in a cage.*"

"It's a bold figure! It's a bold figure!" rejoined the coming bishop, walking vigorously up and down the room. It was, and it was a good one.

HENRY C. BADGER.

New Haven.

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Causes which make us ashamed of our race lie close alongside of causes which make us proud of mankind. Such is the way of the world and the going on of a ceaseless creation.—*W. M. Bicknell.*

## *THE EARLIER MINISTRY OF PHILLIPS BROOKS.*

"Warrior of God, man's friend,

. . . . . .

Thou livest in all hearts; for all men know
This earth has borne no simpler, nobler man."

Tennyson's eloquent epitaph upon Gen. Gordon seems, in its brief suggestiveness, well fitted to voice the universal feeling, not merely of the hour, but of posterity, concerning Bishop Brooks. When Schiller died, the German nation proudly exclaimed, "*Er war unser!*" "He was ours!" And our own land now may echo this over the grave of Phillips Brooks, especially here in Philadelphia, the scene of his earliest labors, where, after Boston, is probably felt the deepest sense of loss.

Many of us can remember how, as long ago as 1861, we first heard of this brilliant young Bostonian, rector of the rather out-of-the-way Church of the Advent, who attracted crowds from other congregations, astonishing old and young alike by a style of preaching such as they had never heard before. We recollect a Sunday when he was invited to preach at one of the old "down-town" churches, and the singular way in which he handled his text, "Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope." Some felt so bewildered by the rush of his unique manner of thought and speech that they hardly knew what to make of him, while others said they would like to hear him always.

All know how, in January, 1862, when just turned of twenty-six, he assumed charge of the Church of the Holy Trinity, every seat of which was habitually filled, while crowds had either to stand or go away. It was frequently said that his preaching reminded us of Robertson's; yet, save for their unrivalled eloquence and tone of Broad Church thinking, at that time a novelty, their sermons seem to have little in common. "The greatest English preacher of this century, the gifted Frederick Robertson," as Dean Stanley called him, refers, as it were, more constantly to the darker and deeper side of human experience, and loves to handle the story of life's mystery with a more tragic force. In reading his sermons, we feel the contact with a poet-nature, a saint, and a soldier, yet of one even morbidly alive to "the sense of tears in human things." He seems far older, far graver and sadder, even in his early manhood, than Phillips Brooks did in all his life. It was not that the latter tried to evade the deep questions or to ignore the sad problems of existence: he gave them all their fitting place. We can recall his saying that "the greater part of any one's life was generally passed in suffering," and again that "pain may be called a sort of universal sacrament, the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disorder." Yet, even when least hopeful and in his saddest moods, we were conscious of a certain healing in his touch, a sense of imparted comfort and of strength. Perhaps the feeling produced by listening to him may be compared with our sensations when first visiting the cathedrals of the Old World, when our own sense of personal insignificance seems met by the counter-current of some wonderful uplifting power which soothes us by its strange restfulness, blending stimulus with tranquillity, even while kindling and arousing our nobler selves to their very core.

It was in this high element of the very essence of poetry, this undying youthfulness of soul, that there lay one great secret of the power of Phillips Brooks over his fellow-men. Even the dullest, least imaginative, was made to feel that here was one who had brought with him from the spirit-world more than an ordinary mortal's share of those "trailing clouds of glory" which Wordsworth sang of, and who was forever accompanied on his pathway by "the vision splendid" that, for him, seemed never doomed to fade into "the light of common day."

Hence it was with no idea of any lack of reverence that many, when they met the great preacher out of doors,—whether it were long ago, when his gigantic, youthful figure used to march with swift, swinging strides along the streets of Philadelphia, his hands in his pockets, and his head thrown back as if he were contemplating the sky, or in later years, with added dignity and hair grown gray,—felt as if they had seen one who to all his weighty attributes of character and genius united the cheerful buoyancy and healthful simplicity of an ideal boy. The words "Such a fine fellow!"

"A noble fellow!" seemed naturally to adapt themselves to Phillips Brooks; and, had any one, in the remembrance of his well-known turn for fun and jest, chosen to add, "Such a jolly fellow!" it would not in the least have seemed to detract from his dignity.* He did not, like Kingsley, impress his hearers with an awful solemnity, suggestive of the prophets of old. He encouraged, entreated, persuaded, like one who is simply and familiarly talking with his brother-men. We well remember his saying, "My dear friends, if I could only tear heaven open, and show you God just as he is, you would all be converted before you leave this church." He always spoke of what is called conversion, not as though it needs must be some incomprehensible, agonizing struggle, but rather as if it were a kind of natural growth, a sort of sudden awakening into a larger, nobler life. His own sympathy with human anguish, as we know, was boundless; yet he habitually loved to rise, and to make others rise, into a region where they might partake of that "ἀ αλλίασις," that "bounding gladness," which Dean Stanley declares to have been one of the characteristics of the Early Church. We recall one most beautiful sermon from the text, "For tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." He once said: "My dear friends, you do not know how many depths—depths below depths—there are in your natures! Christ stands and sues for the precious privilege of helping you to guard those awful recesses of your souls. Will you not listen to him?" He forever loved to dwell upon the fatherhood of God, and the time when, amid moral darkness, "the spirit of Christ first arose like a star above the boiling billows of the world." One day he took the text, "And unto Israel the glory of the Lord shall be for a defence," saying that this earth is full of what may be called "defenceless glories," like the perishable glory of youth or health or worldly prosperity, each at the mercy of any stroke of disaster; while the only abiding glory, safe from ruin, is that spiritual possession of character, symbolically called "the glory of the Lord."

Prose-poems, indeed, were many of the sermons of that time, for noble and spiritual beauty scarce exceeded by the printed volumes of recent years. He could be as gentle as the beloved Dean of Westminster, and yet as strong as Canon Kingsley in his most martial moods. It seems not inappropriate that Phillips Brooks should have been born upon the birthday of Dean Stanley, whose bust he had placed in Trinity Church, and should have died on the anniversary of Kingsley's death. Utterly without self-consciousness, shrinking from flattery, he yet knew how to draw the distinction between striving "for fame which is glorious and applause which is contemptible." All are aware of his unostentatious, unfailing charity, his high conception of the duties of a citizen, his unswerving loyalty to the Union throughout the Civil War. He was among the foremost in Philadelphia to urge the just claims of the colored race to better treatment at the hands of those who alone, at that time, were counted citizens, especially in the matter of allowing them to ride in the street-cars. His Easter Sunday address upon the all-absorbing subject of Abraham Lincoln (an address from the chancel always replacing the usual sermon upon a communion Sunday) was published in the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*.* And his written sermon on the same topic was delivered April 23, 1865, when the body of the murdered President was lying in state in Independence Hall, viewed by mourning thousands, whose steady persistency in their long struggle into the chamber of death is recalled to us by what Boston has so lately witnessed at the funeral of Bishop Brooks.

The silent, empty church of the Holy Trinity, with pulpit and lectern draped in mourning for the memorial service to be held at the same hour as his own funeral in Boston, seemed alive with voices from those sermons of long ago. When, in May, 1865,

*Many have heard how he described one of his intended trips to Europe with a certain portly friend by saying he was "going with a *large party*." Another anecdote suggests what must have been his own quiet amusement when, in an Episcopal Church far out West, where he went one Sunday, the owner of the pew wherein he sat, in total ignorance that his guest was the world-famous preacher, throughout the whole service kept diligently finding for him all the places in the Prayer Book!

* He spoke therein of having loved Lincoln "more than any human friend." It was said that, when Phillips Brooks first heard of the assassination of the President, he remained for hours sitting in his room, absorbed in grief. No one who was present can ever forget the simple solemnity of the brief service held that Easter eve at Holy Trinity Church, or the touching prayer made by the rector, who, as he told his people, could not speak of what all felt just then.

a service in memory of President Lincoln was held in our city, we remember hearing how Phillips Brooks, toward the close of his address, quoted some of the concluding lines of Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington: —

"He is gone who seemed so great.
Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in state,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

It seems hardly too much to say that the spirit of that outburst of mingled grief and reverence for the great Englishman finds a parallel in our nation's grief at the grave of Phillips Brooks.

In an age when the floating germs of doubt and agnosticism in the mental air we breathe are too often making our hearts faint with the darkest dread of losing faith in God and a future life, it is a thing for thankfulness that we have felt, if only now and then, some thrill of strength and comfort from the spoken or written words of one who seemed marvellously gifted with the power to heal and to uplift by the simple presence of that moral health which appeared to radiate from his own abounding spiritual vitality. It was truly said of Gen. Gordon that "he was a wonderful example of *one-man power*." In reading his "Journals," we feel as though inhaling the pure, life-giving odor of a forest of pines upon some breezy mountain-side. The same healthful sense of vigorous exhilaration seems imparted by the memory of this first of American Churchmen, whose marvellous exercise of "one-man power" was consecrated to the noblest ends, and to whose large-minded and large-hearted liberality of thought and practice our American Episcopal Church owes its expansion into the beginnings of a religion likely, in the distant future, to be able to walk hand in hand with science and the verities of life. And, when we read of that unprecedented gathering in Boston's Old South Church, when hundreds of ministers of all denominations united, not for theological discussion, but heart-felt mourning for him whom they one and all felt to have been greater than any, and in his own especial way to each a sort of pole-star in the spiritual world, we feel as though an hour when sectarianism seemed to melt away in the high atmosphere of that lofty and inspiriting soul, whose presence still seems to linger among us, must be prophetic of the time he spoke of in his sermon on "The Church of the Living God":—

"We look on, and far, far away we see the nation-church,—the land all full of Christ,—the nation-church a true part of the world-church, issuing into glorious life and swallowing up our small ecclesiasticisms, as the sun grandly climbing up the heavens swallows up the scattered rays which he sent out at his rising. And, full of that vision, we are ready to do what we can to make our Church strong for the work which it must do in preparation for that day."

URSULA TANNENFORST.

Philadelphia.

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## *BISHOP BROOKS AND ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.*

### AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.

Rev. Dr. Harwood, rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, in a recent sermon on Bishop Brooks, draws the following very interesting and instructive parallel between the later experience of Brooks and that of Tillotson, the great English Broad Church archbishop of the seventeenth century. We quote: —

Phillips Brooks's career culminated in 1891 in his election and consecration to the Episcopalian Church. He was the unmistakable choice of the clergy and people of Massachusetts. He was the pride and joy of Boston, without regard to creed or party. His blameless life, his positive virtues, the eminence of his services to the Christian people, not only pointed to him as a proper person to be chosen to the highest office known to our Church, but it seemed incongruous to many that any one else should be thought of.

No sooner had he been elected, however, than the voice of calumny and doubts of his fitness for the office began to be heard. In a little while a determined and bitter opposition to his consecration took on definite form. I will not speak of the futile and pitiful efforts of certain persons to prevent his consecration. He at last discovered that his life could not be all sunshine. Flattery had not spoiled him, the applause of great people had not left a stain or spot upon his heart; and now for the first time

in his life he heard the voice of depreciation and claims that he was unfit to be a bishop in the Church of God.

Of the motives and methods of all who have sought to thwart the will of the Church in Massachusetts I will say nothing. I might not have referred to the subject at all, had it been a secret or a forgotten episode; but it was very public, and has already passed into the history of the Church. There it will remain.

In the culmination of his career I cannot refrain from bringing to your notice the strange parallel between the experience of Phillips Brooks and that of Archbishop Tillotson. Some two hundred years ago John Tillotson, dean of Canterbury, dean of St. Paul's, and finally archbishop of Canterbury, was esteemed generally as the greatest preacher of his time. He cut himself loose from the pedantries fashionable in English pulpits, and adopted a style which delighted the public of London.

It was simple, direct, literary, and dealt with topics which were much in the public mind, and soon reached the public heart. His career as a preacher lasted about thirty years, and general admiration of him never diminished. London did more than listen to him. London was won back to the Church of England. No praise seemed too extravagant. It was claimed that he was without a peer in the annals of sacred eloquence. His command of the English language was so great that Dryden "frequently owned with pleasure that, if he had any talent for English prose, which must be allowed to have been a great one, it was owing to his often having read Tillotson's writings."

Mr. Addison considered his writings as the chief standard of our language.

Now, as soon as this distinguished and noble man was made archbishop of Canterbury, an attack was begun upon him which ceased only when he ceased to breathe. It was said of him that he had never even been baptized. It was said of Phillips Brooks that his baptism was of doubtful validity. It was said of Tillotson that he was a Socinian at heart. It was said of Phillips Brooks that was he inclined to be a Socinian and a Pelagian.

It was said of Tillotson that he was ready to destroy the episcopate. It was said of Phillips Brooks that he had no respect for episcopal order and office.

Phillips Brooks was urged to make some explanations about his belief, even, I believe, in respect to the Trinity. He refused absolutely. Nothing could move him. His beliefs and teachings were to be learned in his printed books. The Church knew his record, and by that record he must stand or fall.

Says Tillotson's biographer: "His tender method of treating with dissenters and his endeavors to unite all Protestants among themselves were represented as a want of zeal in the cause of the Church, and an inclination towards those who departed from it. But, how unhappily successful soever they might be in infusing these jealousies of him into some warm and unwary men, he still persevered in his own way. He would neither depart from his moderation nor take pains to cover himself from so false an imputation. He thought the openness of his temper, the course of his life, his sincerity, and the visible effects of his labors which had contributed so much to turn the greater part of the city to a hearty love of the Church, in which no man was ever more eminently distinguished than he was, he thought that constant zeal with which he always served such as come to labor in the city, and by which he had been so singularly useful to them, he thought the great change that had been made in bringing men's minds off from many wild opinions to sober and steady principles, . . . all these reasons, he thought, would prevent his conduct from needing any apology."

Surely, he must be very dull who does not see that all this might have been written of Phillips Brooks. Then, again, the episcopal rule was very brief. Tillotson was consecrated archbishop of Canterbury May 31, 1691. On Nov. 18, 1694, on Sunday, he was stricken with apoplexy in the chapel at Whitehall. The following Thursday he died, in the sixty-fifth year of his age. Phillips Brooks was consecrated bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts Oct. 14, 1891. Thursday, Jan. 19, 1893, he fell ill; and the following Monday morning he was taken by the ordering of Almighty God, in the fifty-eighth year of his age.

The sorrow for the death of Tillotson, we are told, was more universal than was ever known for a subject. And, when his funeral was appointed, there was a numerous train of coaches, filled with persons of rank and condition, who came voluntarily to assist at that ceremony from Lambeth to the church of St. Lawrence Jewry. His death was felt to be a national loss. At his burial people wept and sighed. King William said of him he was the best man he ever knew and the best friend he ever had. And in our own time it has been said that he was the best and wisest man that ever occupied the chair of Canterbury.

I need tax your patience no longer. The great bishop of Massachusetts sleeps these bleak, murky, wintry days in his new-made grave at Mount Auburn. Who that was in Boston the day of his funeral can forget

the silence of a fell sorrow that rested upon the entire people, or the reverent crowds that filled and surrounded Trinity Church, as if a great light had gone out and a great life had been extinguished? When I think of what he might have become as a bishop of the Church, my heart fails me. When I think of what he was and what he had done, the hymn sung at the burial service that day comes to me, a psalm of thanksgiving: —

For all the saints who from their labors rest,
Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blest,
Alleluia.

. . . . . .

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest;
Sweet is the calm of paradise the blessed,
Alleluia.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors."

## *REST THROUGH LABOR.*

As brave Columbus sought in years long past
A New World, sailing ever to the west,
So do we all engage in life-long quest
For some far country, where we may at last
Our robes of sorrow and of sin offcast,
And, dwelling in great calm, at length be blest.
That New World ever seems an isle of rest
From clamorous care, from undertakings vast.
But should we reach in truth that mystic isle,
Breathe its seductive, its most languorous air,
My soul forebodes we soon should weary grow
Of slumberous days and joy's monotonous smile,
And yearn right lustily for ancient care,
And for the stress of labor, blow on blow.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

## *MODEL DWELLINGS FOR THE POOR.*

That in a country like ours, large enough to give living room to the population of the whole world, there should be quarters more densely populated, on account of the direst want, than in an equal area in any other part of the world, seems incredible; yet the submerged Tenth Ward of New York will more than confirm it.

That in a country like ours, so richly blessed with all the means for leading healthy and cleanly lives, thousands of human beings, mostly innocent children, should be compelled to perish annually on account of filth and for want of proper living room seems a horrible dream; yet the statistics of the death-rates of the crowded wards of many of our great cities prove it to be a stern fact.

That, with our present knowledge of the origin and infectious nature of certain fatal yet preventable diseases, we should continue to tolerate their breeding places near our very doors, and of our own accord invite suffering and death to our homes, will to future generations seem an absurd fiction; but a mere glance into the vital statistics suffices to convince us that it is a sad reality at the present day. We proceed as if the laws of nature acted on the same principle as the rules of society, as if we could draw a line between the well-to-do quarters and the slum districts, and tell the polluted atmosphere that thus far it may go, and no further. We proceed as if the unfortunate tenants of the miserable districts of filth and infectious disease did not elbow against us in our streets and factories and shops, did not carry their contagion into our cars, theatres, churches, and schools. And yet something has been done in more than one large city looking toward a better state of things. Of the various efforts for improvement that have been undertaken, perhaps nothing promises so certain good results as the movement to secure what are known as the Model Dwellings for the poor. That is, dwellings comfortable, cheerful, and healthy, and at the same time cheap.

To the American philanthropist George Peabody belongs the credit of having been the first to give the homes of the poor of London his consideration, and to attempt their thorough reform on a large scale. About thirty years ago, he set aside a fund, exceeding $3,000,000, to be spent "*in the construction of such improved dwellings for the poor as may combine, in the utmost possible degree, the essentials of healthfulness, comfort, social enjoyment, and economy.*" Such homes were built; and, through renting at an average of 50 cents a week per room, including the use of laundries and bath-rooms, the original gift has grown to the present value of $5,000,000. Over 20,000 of the poor of London live in the 12,000 rooms which this fund has built;

and so remarkable has been the progress of cleanliness and health among them that, while the death-rate of all London is 20 per thousand, among the tenants of the Peabody Improved Dwellings it is reduced to 16 per thousand.

The success of the enterprise encouraged imitation in London. A number of stock companies have been organized since for the purpose of erecting homes which may yield to their renters all the necessary comforts in return for small rentals, and to their owners reasonable dividends for their investments. More than 75,000 of the poor of London live to-day in such model dwellings, and enjoy in them all the necessary comforts of cleanly and healthy lives, and yield a far less percentage to the delinquents of the English metropolis than the other quarters of equal population, and their immunity from death "is less by 1,000 a year than the mortality among an equal number not so lodged." The capitalists have in the mean time drawn an unfailing dividend of 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on their investment in Model Dwellings.

The model dwelling movement spread to Birmingham, Glasgow, Liverpool, in which cities, however, such improved dwellings were built and are managed by the municipal government. In the latter city the municipality tore down a large number of filthy dens that had teemed with a mass of the lowest of the city population. In their stead were erected model tenements of pleasing external appearance and of comfortable internal arrangement, fire-proof, supplied with spacious courts, playgrounds for children, garden-beds, laundries and bath-rooms, and divided into suites of two or more rooms, those of two rooms renting for a trifle over $1.00 per week. Despite these many comfortable provisions, the investment yields the city of Liverpool an annual dividend averaging 4½ per cent.

Space will not permit me to say more of the equally successful enterprises in Glasgow and Birmingham, and of those on the Continent, in Mülhausen, in Havre, in Florence, than that the homes which they have erected for the poor have wonderfully strengthened the health and the morality and the thrift and the economy of the tenants, and have yielded reasonable dividends to the capitalists.

As to our own country, it is a source of gratification to be able to chronicle that the interest of foreign cities in the homes of their poor has not wholly escaped the notice of our busy capitalists. The miseries in our slum districts, and the success that has attended the efforts in foreign lands at elevating the poor by beginning at the very root, by giving them properly equipped and decently environed homes, has stimulated a number of philanthropic men in New York, Brooklyn, Boston, and Philadelphia to provide model dwellings for our own poor.

The Improved Dwelling Association of New York erected, about twenty years ago, on First Avenue, between 71st and 72d Streets, a large tenement, arranged about a spacious interior court, that admitted an abundance of light and air,—a feature considered an extravagant luxury in the New York tenements of those days. The building is six stories high, accommodates more than 200 families, is fire-proof, is supplied with steam heat, with chutes, and lifts, with bath-rooms and laundries. The rooms are grouped in suites of two or more, all "outer" rooms, at an average rental of about $3.00 for a room per month. Notwithstanding these comfortable provisions and the cheapness of the rents, the enterprise, representing a value of about $250,000, has proven profitable as well as philanthropic It yields an annual dividend of 5 per cent., and a surplus besides for the improvement of the property.

About five years later Mr. White of Brooklyn organized the Improved Dwelling Company of Brooklyn, of which he became the chief stockholder, and proceeded to erect on Hicks Street a block of dwellings which for magnificent provisions and arrangements surpassed everything in that line attempted before. The structure is six stories high, and faces three sides of a large interior open court, which is furnished with playgrounds for the children, and with a central pavilion, in which a band, maintained by the company, gives regular open-air concerts during the summer. The rooms rent for about $3.00 per month each, are arranged in suites of two or more, and are so grouped as to afford perfect privacy to each family. They are in reality what they were intended to be,—not tenements, but actual homes. The tenants, as a means to encourage cleanliness and prompt payment of rents, are permitted

to share in the profits, which amounts to nearly one month's rent out of the twelve. More than 200 families avail themselves of these benefits.

Notwithstanding this liberality and these many provisions for the comforts of the poor, the investment has proven profitable enough to induce the company to erect a number of other tenement buildings, the latest being the Riverside Buildings, situated on Columbia Place, Brooklyn Heights. This has been named the ideal tenement; and, in point of equipment, privacy, comfort, and safety, it certainly comes up to its reputation. These buildings accommodate over 300 families, and shelter more than 1,000 persons. Each family has its private door; and every room (averaging in price about $3.00 per month) looks out either into the street or into the large open court, which is fitted out with a fountain, a concert pavilion, a small park, and playgrounds supplied with swings and heaps of sand, wherein the little ones may play and dig all day long. There are no interior stairways and no common halls. The rooms are reached through sheltered, exterior, fire-proof stairways, that serve at the same time as fire-escapes. Though gathering under one roof hundreds of the poorest tenants, the agent reports that they have no trouble with them, neither in behavior nor in the payment of their rents.

The latest venture of the kind in New York City is the building erected about five years ago, on Cherry Street, by the Tenement House Building Company, organized through the agitation of Prof. Felix Adler. The building is five stories high, fire-proof, contains over one hundred suites of rooms, averaging about $3.50 a month per room, and arranged with a view to the health, privacy, and comfort of the tenants. Overcrowding in rooms and factory labor on the premises are prohibited.

The roofs are of brick, well protected, and can be used as playgrounds by the children. The halls are heated by steam. Bath-rooms and wash-tubs are provided in abundance. A free kindergarten is maintained on the premises, which at the same time supplies the place of a Day Nursery. Though the building is located in the heart of the slums, and though the tenants are for the most part newly arrived Russian Jews, whose habits of cleanliness leave much to be desired, the secretary of the company, Prof. Edwin R. A. Seligman, reports the enterprise "a decided success," both philanthropically and financially. The venture represents a money value of a little over $150,000, of which $70,000 is in a mortgage at 4½ per cent. The company limits itself to 4 per cent. dividends. The surplus goes to the reserve fund for the protection of the stockholders and for the benefit of the tenants.

There are many improved tenement buildings in Boston, Philadelphia, and other of our large cities. Everywhere their influence is to improve both the health and the character of those who occupy them, and to benefit the section of the city in which they are located; while at the same time they have never failed, when properly managed, to prove good investments financially to those who erected them.

This movement to secure model dwellings for the poor is one to which not only benevolent-minded men in all our cities, but also city governments themselves, may well give increasing attention.

We point with pride to our palatial hospitals and homes and asylums, little thinking that what we deem our pride is but too often our shame, and what we designate as love of humanity is only too frequently but the penance for our past cruelties to man. For, had we prevented the rise of these slum districts, or had we wiped them out of existence after their dangerous nature manifested itself, we should have had less sick people to care for in our hospitals, less orphans to provide for in our asylums, less paupers and infirm to shelter in our homes. We would have saved hundreds of thousands of dollars, and saved the life and health and happiness of thousands of people.

JOSEPH KRAUSKOPF.

Philadelphia.

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## *A GLIMPSE OF THE UNIVERSALIST MISSION IN JAPAN.*

It is inspiring to note the energy which our Universalist brethren are putting into their Japan mission. A few months ago they sent out a new helper, in the person of Rev. Clarence E. Rice. A recent number of the *Christian Leader* contains a letter

from him, giving his first impressions of Japan, and a brief sketch of the Universalist building and work in Tokyo, the capital of the empire. We are sure our readers will be interested in what he writes.

MR. RICE'S LETTER.

It was on a bright day about the first of November that I first set foot in Tokyo, the capital city of Japan, and the chosen centre of activity for our Universalist missionary work. This is a city with between one and two millions of inhabitants. Here the Mikado resides, the Parliament sits; and, altogether, Tokyo is the Mecca of the Japanese people. I hardly know what impressed me most as I stepped from the train to witness a life foreign in all its aspects, the antipodes of the life to which I was accustomed, Strange people, strange streets, strange buildings, the odd dress of the people, and their peculiar means of conveyance were sights that more or less distinctly were stamped upon my brain. In making our way to the home of Dr. Perin, our honored and energetic senior missionary, we had to ride what seemed to us a long way; but at last we came to our mission house, church and Theological School all in one. As this is the centre around which all our missionary activities and interests cluster, I, of course, gazed at it with great curiosity. The building stands as regards its geographical situation in about the centre of the city, a section, we have learned, much inhabited by students in the different schools of Tokyo. The building fronts a busy street, and is surrounded by the characteristic low, shambling houses everywhere seen in this country. Among these our building looks rather imposing; for it measures some forty feet across the front and is sixty feet deep, having two full stories, the upper story overlooking the many roofs of the adjacent buildings. In America our mission house would be comparatively insignificant, but here it is a building at which a man passing through the street would take a second look. But our interest in the building, after all, has to do chiefly with the interior; and so let me conduct you inside for a little.

We enter the vestibule, and go up a winding staircase, and come to a large upper room, which extends over the whole second story, and is the church auditorium. Here, at least three times a week, services are held. It would be interesting for you, I am sure, to enter this church on any Sunday morning just before service, and watch the audience as they enter. Some forty young men gather, and generally five or ten Japanese women. What impressed and pleased me was to see that, as each one entered, his head was reverently bowed for a moment in prayer. At the close of the service, also, after the benediction, they wait one moment, with heads bowed, for a parting prayer. It seemed, as I looked upon these young converts to our faith, that some of our brethren and churches at home might learn a lesson in reverence from these sometime heathen, but now earnest Christians. Our young church here in Tokyo contains now about thirty members,—a small number, but a vigorous nucleus; and one is impressed with the feeling that already it is sending out an influence for good that cannot be estimated.

The first floor of the building is divided up into eight recitation-rooms. The partitions are the usual *shoji* (paper sliding-doors), after the manner of all Japanese houses. Four of these rooms are used for the Theological School; and the other four are devoted to the Girls' School, under the direction of Miss Schouler.

The course in the Theological School extends over three years, and the curriculum of study is much the same as in our divinity schools at home. We have two classes in the school at present, three in the Middle Class and eight in the Junior Class. All these are required to speak English before entering; and all the work, as far as may be, is done in English. These students are almost invariably fluent speakers. We do not hesitate to call upon them at any time, when there is need, to take charge of a conference meeting, to offer prayer, or to aid us in any way where their voice and service are of use. I am often astonished at the readiness with which these young men but recently converted to Christianity take up Christian ideas, and work and carry it forward. When these young men are trained and sent out into different cities as evangelists, the results of their labor will be the fruit of the faith and sacrifice which the

Universalist Church of America has shown. It is an inspiring thought that before long not only Tokyo, Sendai, Shidzuoka, and Osaka (where beginnings have already been made) will have Universalist ministers laboring for our cause, but that many other great cities will be made links in this chain that shall reach the entire length of the Mikado's empire.

I have referred already to the dearth of women in our church at Tokyo. It is a strange sight to go into any church in Japan and witness among the congregation a very small percentage of women. If in America our congregations are made up largely of women, it is noticeably the fact that in Japan the congregations are made up almost exclusively of men. This is due largely, as has been said, to existing social customs which make it very difficult to reach the women. Even loyal members of the church never seem to think that the good things of Christianity which they enjoy would be good for their wives and mothers. And so woman remains in the home, while her lord and master enjoys the new-found faith of the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. At present in Japan this brotherhood does not include the weak sisters.

With a view to reaching the women with our Christian thought, our Girls' School has been established. Miss Schouler has this school in charge, and is assisted by two native Japanese teachers. About ten young women are enrolled in this school, and receive special instruction in religion by Miss Schouler. The problem is a difficult one. But we believe that the position of woman must be elevated through some such effort as this. Wherever Christianity is, it has resulted in the elevation of woman. It must be so here. And to this end Miss Schouler is laboring.

We have always had faith in our foreign mission since its inception. Now that we have seen with our own eyes the field and the work, we believe in it more than ever. We have not, however, the false zeal of the novitiate, who sees no difficulties, and expects a glorious triumph for his cause in a day. More than ever I realize that this business means hard work, good judgment, sacrifice, and patience, if we would make it what we hope and believe it will be, a true success. The story of the extremely difficult language has not half been told. The peculiarities of the Japanese mind, the opposition of the so-called evangelical churches here, the trying climate, and many other obstacles might be mentioned which would daunt the faint and timid-hearted. But Universalists are not timid. Their past history has proved that. And all these difficulties shrink away in the face of the wonderful progress that has already been made,—shrink away before the faith that Universalism has a work to do in Japan, and is, indeed "straightened until it be accomplished"; shrink away before the purpose and consecration of the American Universalists who have put their hands to this plough, and will not look back; shrink away before the listening ear that can hear the encouragement of Heaven,—"Fear not, little flock; for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." CLARENCE E. RICE.

Tokyo, Japan.

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## *THE IMMEDIATE NEED IN JAPAN.*

*Editor of the Unitarian:—*

Will you kindly permit me to repeat in the *Unitarian* essentially what I have recently said through the columns of the *Christian Register* as to the situation of our Unitarian mission here, and the urgent need there is for the completion in America of the special fund asked for to enable us to finish our headquarters building in this city?

We have crossed our Rubicon. There was no staying longer on its bank. Retreat or advance must be made; and we have gone ahead. The plain English of it all is just this: we have made a decisive move toward securing the headquarters building for our mission and the long-needed accommodation for the Japanese School of Liberal Theology. A piece of ground has been purchased, and sketches of plans for the floors of the coming building have been placed in the hands of an architect. This early beginning is necessary. Already the second month of the year has been reached, and by the ninth month everything must be in readiness for the reception of our new Junior Class. We have now two classes, miserably cared for, so far as lecture-rooms,

library conveniences, and other needs are concerned. Ahead is the certainty of a new incoming of students, for whom we have no place whatever. Our other work, the Japan Unitarian Association work, the magazine editing, the Post-office Mission, and our piles of tracts and books are crowded into two small and dark rooms. The students have no retiring-room; guests have no reception-room; a reading-room is now not a possibility. Our one reasonably large room is the church on Sundays; and on week-days, made into two rooms by their Japanese sliding-doors, it becomes the two lecture-rooms of one of the most exacting and intellectually advanced seminaries for the higher studies in Japan. In faculty and students our Theological School (the Jiyu Shin Gakko) compares well with schools of theology anywhere, we believe. But in accommodation for the work attempted it is humiliatingly barren. Our students are patient, largely because a generous promise, or rather hope, has been held out to them for more than a year now. If a way can be found, or made, to meet their hope, we may not rest where we are. We who are here feel this matter so strongly that, as I have said, we have crossed our Rubicon, and shall move on for the larger empire.

The land we have purchased has been bought at a relatively low price; and, when we look at its location, its shape, and its size, we congratulate ourselves that the price is very low, indeed. I do not think we could have done better in Tokyo, all things taken into the account. The land is about 120 feet by 110 feet in size. It has streets on three sides, the front of the lot being on the new main boulevard of the city. To the northward is the great Shiba park and the Akabane stream, these protecting the site from the great fires, whose sweep, when they come, is almost without exception from the north. The land, moreover, is quite near the Keiogijiku, among whose fifteen hundred students are many of our friends, sure to increase largely with the building of the hall. The cost of the land was, in round numbers, $2,600 only. The lot was bought, and is now held in trust for the Japan Mission of the American Unitarian Association. Its value is sure to increase as time goes on, because Tokyo is rapidly growing; and the land lies on the great new thoroughfare, the main avenue among those by which the city is being remade as capital of New Japan. On this avenue our hall will daily announce to multitudes our presence.

Now for the building. The $4,000 we asked for last spring is to cover the cost of its erection. Send us the $2,800 yet uncontributed, and, if exchange remains where it is, we can build a hall well suited to our needs, and not unworthy our pretensions as a mission. The sketches given to the architect propose a two-storied building, about 50 feet by 75 feet in area. In this building is to be a hall capable of much enlargement by the opening up of adjacent rooms, the hall itself to measure 30x51 feet. On the same second floor five lecture and other rooms, each about 15x21 feet in size, are planned for. Downstairs are to be a fireproof library and reading-room, 21x30 feet in area, and good-sized quarters for the Japanese Unitarian Association, the magazine, and other agencies of our work. A students' retiring-room, professors' room, janitor's home, store-rooms for books, etc., are also part of the downstairs space. The architect proposes to gratify our desire for a tasteful combination of Japanese and foreign styles of architecture. We should enjoy making an object lesson in this direction for the hosts who will see our building. However, as time goes on, we shall send full descriptions of the work.

The building, as I have said, is a *necessity;* and we *must go ahead.* We shall tell our friends who help us to bring the building into being all about the things into which their gifts go. We do not intend now to delay going as far and as fast as our means will allow: delay would be too perilous for the mission. At least, we can put up the framework of the building, roof it over, and board it in with what money we have on hand. This we have resolved to do, trusting to our friends in America to send us, without unnecessary delay, the means to finish the structure.

For three years we have waited for this hall. For more than a year we have been urging it as a necessity. Without it we cannot go on without loss. With it we have a right to expect a much enlarged success for all our activities.

Are there not hundreds of readers of the

*Unitarian* who would be glad to contribute to our Building Fund? Rev. George Batchelor of Lowell, Mass., has the fund in charge. Contributions of any amount, large or small, may be sent to him, or to the American Unitarian Association, Boston.

CLAY MACCAULEY.

Tokyo, Japan, February.

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## *ANDREW P. PEABODY, D.D.*

Andrew P. Peabody was born just eighty-two years ago the nineteenth day of March, in Beverly, Mass. His father, who was head-master of the town school, died when his son was only three years old, his last words expressing his earnest hope that the boy should be educated for the ministry. Carefully, patiently, and lovingly was the young life guarded by his devoted mother, and with such success that the boy passed his entrance examination for Harvard University when he was but twelve years old, entered the Junior Class at thirteen, and graduated at fifteen, one of the youngest students that has ever taken his degree at Harvard.

Too young to enter the Divinity School, he taught school, went to the Huidekoper's at Meadville, there to tutor the young men who were afterwards to establish the Meadville Theological School. He returned to Cambridge, and entered the Divinity School which had just been opened, 1829, under Henry Ware. Unitarianism had in the mean time been born. Channing had issued the manifesto. The great Baltimore sermon had been preached, and perhaps the greater sermon at the dedication of the church that is now Robert Collyer's in New York. The American Unitarian Association had just been organized. The character of the young student quickly made an impression. It was seen that he had already become what Paul charged Timothy to be, "an example in word, in conversation, in spirit, in faith, in purity." One of the noticeable features of his Divinity School work was his capacity for far exceeding the limits of work assigned. He not only excelled in divinity studies, but in many other advanced classes in the university whose studies he took up for recreation, so that, upon graduating, he was appointed instructor in mathematics for a year, preaching and lecturing all the time.

Then he was ordained at twenty-two years of age, and settled as colleague with Dr. Nathan Parker at Portsmouth, N.H., where he afterwards remained as sole pastor for nearly thirty years.

One would imagine this to have been the service of a lifetime, when we note that he not only taught and held and inspired a large congregation who had been passionately devoted to his predecessor, a man of unusually commanding powers, but that he was publishing a continuous stream of pamphlets, books, and papers, of a high order, and for ten years edited the *North American Review*.

But all this and his thirty years' ministry and fifty years of life were but the prelude to his useful career. It was the next thirty years that were to bring out his highest qualities, and put him into the sphere of his highest usefulness.

Judge White, in addressing the annual gathering of Harvard Alumni, had said, "Let the next foundation in aid of education for this university be a professorship of the heart, something that will deal with the moral life and character of the students." These words in his published address were noted by Miss Plummer of Salem, who in consequence left a sufficient sum to found such a professorship, which was entitled the "Plummer Professorship of Christian Morals." To this position Dr. Peabody was called in 1860 from his long pastorate at Portsmouth, N.H.; and the wonderful influence of his life began to show itself. The story of the powerful influence he exerted over the lives of hundreds of thousands of students can never be told.

As the open-eyed, smart young freshman, with a turn for cynicism and agnosticism, full of the pointed aphorisms of Maudesley, Stephens or Ingersoll, came into college, with high and mighty sneer for everything religious, and found himself compelled to make his appearance at morning prayers, something, some inexplicable influence, came down out of the soul of that gentle, soft-voiced preacher, and found the one corner of that freshman's heart which the love of his own mother had kept unhardened. Dr. Peabody didn't know it. Probably the boy never confessed it. But you found it out by the frequency of such remarks among the wildest of the students as "Well, you know

you can't cut up with old Peabody, anyhow: he's a *saint.*"

This influence was carried away by the army of young men that year by year experienced it, and dispersed to the furthest places of the earth, giving a tinge of sweetness and religiousness to the best representatives of this American nation, wherever they went. He was not content with his public service. He went about among the students. It was almost always Dr. Peabody who found out the cases of real distress among the poorer men: it was through him the anonymous help came. His was the voice that was raised to shield the erring and plead for the wrong-doer. He was eyes to the blind, feet to the lame. He was the uniting element in almost every college difference of opinion or dispute for twenty-five years. He did more than all the literature on the subject of "Church Unity" has been able to accomplish. He actually did unite in one worship, one spirit, one life, men of every creed. He performed the natural miracle of the spring-time. Without discussion he poured the genial sunlight of his life upon the ice of creed and belief, and melted it. If any disagreed with his Unitarian theology, no one ever denied the Christ likeness of his life. Such a realization was a glorious promise of the possibility of our larger hopes of Christian unity.

In another direction Dr. Peabody's life was a marvellous one; namely, in the field of literary work. In addition to an endless variety of addresses, and besides his editorial work on the *North American Review*, which, one writer says, was alone the work of a strong man's lifetime,—besides all this, the catalogue of Harvard Library shows the enormous number of works, great and small, books and pamphlets, which bear his name, to reach the number, almost beyond belief, of one hundred and eighty-nine, of which one hundred and thirty were published during the last twenty years, or after he was sixty years of age. This list covers a wide range of subject-matter, from the Art of Conversation, Municipal Government, Politics, Biographies, up to his "Christianity the Religion of Nature," and his "Christian Consolations," probably his most widely cherished work, though by far the most popular is his delightful volume of "Reminiscences of Harvard College."

For the last ten years Dr. Peabody, being relieved from the engrossing active cares of his professorship, though retaining his position emeritus, has been a constant wonder in the enormous number of preaching, lecturing, and other services he has freely given, far and near, no place too distant or too small to receive his willing attention.

But, as we try to sum up the worth of the man, after running briefly over the record of his life, we are led to believe that the secret of his extended influence, his real greatness, was neither in his literary, platform, nor pulpit efforts,—not in what he wrote or spoke or preached. His theological position was really untenable. His arguments for the evidences of revealed Christianity have no weight to-day. Few, if any, of his books will live into the next generation. But his power was in what he was rather than what he taught. No man was ever *loved more* than Dr. Peabody, and let us return to this thought. Heart purity is the greatest power on earth. Dr. Peabody's influence will remain one of the most treasured traditions of the University of Harvard and of the Unitarian denomination. For this purity of heart is not a passive, it is the most active, the most infectious quality there is. It is not emptiness, it is fulness of life. When we come in contact with the pure-souled ones of the earth, what a power comes from them,—not because they are free from vice, but that they are full of fresh life! This alone brings that peace with God which turns the burdens of life into wings that no longer drag us down, but lift the spirit toward its eternal home.

F. B. M.

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## *CHICAGO LETTER.*

The popular commotion over our public schools of which I wrote in my last letter is passing through a period of temporary quiet, owing to the general interest felt in the coming city election. The public serenity is greatly disturbed over the nomination to the mayoralty of that illustrious example of political assurance and notoriety, Carter Harrison. This is an office of unusual temptation just now, with the many opportunities Chicago is to enjoy playing the host to guests from every part of the world, and the chance for civic pomp and display presented

in such occasions. If the mayor's office were one whose most important duties were of this pleasing order, requiring only a gift of ready speech and other social graces, Mr. Harrison would not be the worst selection. But even in the year of the World's Fair something may be required of the chief executive of a city like Chicago besides a talent for inflated oratory. The nomination is said by those posted in matters of this kind to have been secured by the most shameless political trickery, and a vigorous citizens' movement is now afloat to put another ticket into the field which shall command the suffrages of the best elements in all parties. We are awaiting the result with much anxiety, and with increasing wonder and shame that it should be so much easier for the known forces of political wickedness to mass themselves to successful issue, than for those of honesty and justice. The control of the municipality is becoming one of the gravest and most perplexing problems of the day. Many of our wisest and most trusted citizens regard the situation as hopeless. Some of them are men who have made splendid illustration in their own lives of the worth of moral principle as applied to the practical affairs of business, who have won both health and honor by honest methods, yet who see no way to reap like merit and happiness for the community by the same means. They are proved men of faith and daring in their own line of work, but rank pessimists in all that pertains to the task of public government. For this reason it has been hard to find a man of the right calibre, able to command popular enthusiasm, who would consent to run the risks and encounter the personal discomforts and trials of such a campaign; but at last it looks as if the public's sore need were to be met in the candidacy of one of our best known and most honored men, Mr. S. W. Allerton, whose regular nomination has not yet taken place, but whose indorsement at a large and enthusiastic meeting of unpartisan citizens last night promises the desired consummation.

In view of the struggling and often discouraging nature of our liberal cause, which is always suffering from the lack of help on the part of those able to give, and give abundantly, it is matter for fresh stimulus and congratulation that reached us in the news of the liberal bequest to the church at Kalamazoo, in the form of $20,000, from Mr. Silas Hubbard of that place, whose former benefactions to the cause are well known. This was a bit of news imparted to the private ear of your correspondent a few weeks ago when on a visit to Kalamazoo, but has since been publicly announced in the press. This week Miss Bartlett is passing a few days in our city, studying plans and searching about for all the architectural wisdom to be gleaned on the question of church-building. A mind so active and progressive as hers will be sure to evolve something in this line quite apart from the needs and standards of the past, and directly related to the growing thought and more practical requirements of that modern gospel with which she is becoming daily more happily and successfully identified. A new era of usefulness and prosperity may be safely predicted of the society at Kalamazoo, and it is to be hoped the example thus offered by the generous donor will be followed by others among our more fortunate and wealthy membership. Miss Bartlett has been selected to represent the women of the liberal ministry in the Congress of Representative Women, a notable gathering about which the reader may like to hear a word more. This congress is to be held the third week in May, the same as that in which our Western anniversaries are held. It is made up of all the larger national organizations of women at home and abroad; and, besides the general sessions at which representative women connected with the different lines of work thus congregated together will speak, there will be a series of smaller meetings, at which each of these organizations, or those desiring to do so, will speak their own word, and meet to further acquaintance, exchange ideas, etc. Among these smaller gatherings will be that of the Unitarian women, in which the Women's Conference and the Women's Alliance will join each other in two joint sessions, Friday, the 19th. The morning session will be presided over by the president of the Women's Conference, Miss Ida C. Hultin, and will be devoted to a discussion of working methods. The afternoon session will be in charge of Mrs. Dix, president of the Alliance; and two papers will be read, one on "The Religion of the Twentieth Century," by Mrs.

Learned of St. Louis, and one preceding that by some member of the Alliance whose name and subject have not yet been announced. It is hoped this day will be one of pleasant reunion of the Unitarian women East and West, and fraternal greeting and exchange of opinions and methods of work all round.

The program of the congress is still in the making, and I can only speak of one or two features. One of the topics turns on the comparative merits of the pulpit and the stage, in the discussion of which Miss Bartlett is to represent the pulpit. There is also to be a symposium on the work of organization among women, in which Miss Hultin takes up religious organization. This entire work of the World's Fair Auxiliary is an experiment which we shall all watch with much interest. Opinions differ, even among those most heartily engaged in their preparation, as to the degree of success that is likely to attend the various meetings; for the principal attraction will of course be in another direction, in Jackson Park, where the exhibit proper will be held. How much time visiting strangers, subject to expense, and with only average powers of human endurance, will feel they can give to the less tangible but quite as important and instructive exhibit of the congresses remains to be seen. But the experiment was well worth trying, what ever the outcome; and the beneficial results have fallen where they usually rest, upon those who have bestowed so much time and labor in their arrangement,—preparations which have necessarily involved a good deal of study of the subjects under review, and led to a widening culture and information that in itself is most desirable, and a good that will remain long after the great show is a thing of the past.

Rev. John W. Chadwick and his wife pass through the city to-day, *en route* for California, where Mr. Chadwick is to enter upon a course of itinerant preaching for two or three months. His stay with us this time is only for a few hours; but we are looking forward to the time of his return eastward in May, hoping it may be timed during the week of our anniversaries, and that it will be sufficiently long to enable us all to see him, and strengthen acquaintance. The people of the Pacific coast are to be congratulated on this opportunity to hear one whose written word has so long been a source of inspiration and spiritual profit.

Though rather late in point of time for such mention, a word should be spoken of the visit of Rev. Edward Everett Hale to Chicago on the 22d of February, at the invitation of the Union League Club, which always provides for some worthy celebration of the day. The oration delivered at the Auditorium was a masterpiece of stirring thought and eloquence; and Dr. Hale was covered with hospitable attentions, such as we like to shower upon our accepted leaders and prophets from the East. Only in one particular were the festivities lacking; and that was in the accidental but careless omission of any recognition of our distinguished guest's stay among us as a Unitarian save his Sunday morning's sermon at Unity Church. I do not know that his time would have permitted this, and I dare say he did not miss it; but it would have been, nevertheless, our privilege and profit to have extended it. Doubtless the omission arose from that serious defect in our organized city work as a denomination,—if we can be said to be carrying on any such work,—the lack of any central society representing all the churches, such as Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis have in their Unitarian clubs. It is high time Chicago looked to its credit a little in this matter. The spirit of union and fraternal intercourse between our four churches needs developing very much. I myself am especially anxious to see the work of reorganization begun among the liberal women of Chicago, and a society formed somewhat after the plan of the New York League, with this difference: that, in view of other organizations previously formed, the new movement should not aim to set aside others, keeping itself in a friendly but independent attitude toward all. It should be auxiliary neither to the Women's Conference nor the Women's Alliance, but working mainly as a local organization, opening its membership not only to Unitarians, but to our sisters of the Universalist, Swedenborgian, Liberal Orthodox, Reform Jews, and Ethical Culture fellowship, meeting at regular intervals for the discussion of themes of common interest, of which there are far more than there are points of difference. Such a society would be following directly in the path

marked out by the recently organized club among the liberal clergy of the city, of which I spoke last month. It is to be hoped that after the cares and excitement of the World's Fair are over some such movement as this will be undertaken. Once enlarge the spirit of union and loving fellowship among the women, and it will spread rapidly in other directions; and all our churches will feel at once its healthful and invigorating influence.

CELIA P. WOOLLEY.

March 15.

## "A TRIUMPH OF CHRISTIANITY."

*To the Editor of the Unitarian:—*

In the March number of the *Unitarian* is an article by John Coleman Adams, entitled "A Triumph of Christianity," intended to eulogize that excellent movement, "The World's First Parliament of Religions," shortly to be held at Chicago. Mr. Adams speaks of this proposed gathering as a "hitherto unparalleled event," as "an invitation the broadest, the most hospitable in its spirit, which has ever been extended to religious men." He repeats, "It is the very first time such a platform has been built or such a company assembled." He mentions among those who have signed the call for this Parliament a Catholic archbishop, an Episcopalian bishop, a Presbyterian, a Baptist, a Methodist, a Congregationalist, a Universalist, and a Unitarian. And he goes on to say: "The honor of this broad invitation belongs to the Christian Church. The call does not emanate from any of the people who pose before the world as the champions of religious liberty as against the churches. It comes from no free religious association."

Mr. Adams seems disposed to disparage the Free Religious Association. But, since the *Unitarian* has published his statement, it seems fair that its readers should know that the admirable enterprise he speaks of as unparalleled is a repetition, on a larger scale, of what was done in 1868, twenty-five years ago, by the Free Religious Association. The persons who spoke (by invitation) at its first annual meeting were these: Rev. O. B. Frothingham, president of the Free Religious Association; Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Orthodox Unitarian; Rev. Robert Collyer, Liberal Unitarian; Rev. Charles H. Malcom, Calvinist Baptist; Rev. John P. Hubbard, Episcopalian; Rev. Olympia Brown, Universalist; Rev. John Weiss, Radical.

Among the invited persons who, being unable to attend, sent letters of friendly sympathy, were Rabbi I. Sangary Nathans, Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, Keshub Chunder Sen, chief of the Brahmo-Somaj, the native Theistic Association of India.

That the churches and the clergy are at last following its example is of course gratifying to the present members of the Free Religious Association, and none will more heartily rejoice at the meeting of the Parliament of Religions, which is to be attended by Mr. Mozoomdar, the successor of Chunder Sen in the Brahmo Somaj.

CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Newburyport, March 7.

## LESSONS FROM LIFE.

The world is full of lessons we never learn; and life—even in its common phases—teaches us in wiser fashion than the ancient sages. There is no school like life, no teachers like the men and women we daily meet. He who opens eye and ear is taught by the way, and, though he travel but the common road where all must walk, sees and hears the wonderful.

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The Emperor Nicholas once ordered his engineers to lay down for him a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow; and presently they brought him a map on which was laid down, like a snake, the designed road between the two capitals. "What do you make it crooked for?" said Nicholas. "Why, we turn this way to touch this great city, and to the left to reach this populous district, and to the right again to accommodate this grain region." "I see," said the emperor; and, turning the map over, he made a new dot for Moscow and another for St. Petersburg, took a ruler, made a straight line, and said, "Build me that road."

So God builds across the face of the centuries his imperial highway of truth. And, at the last, governments and churches and men are judged on this one issue of their relation to that eternal law of righteousness which can never know defeat.

This, then, is the supreme lesson of all history; for, with all her volumes vast,

history teaches but one lesson, and develops but one truth, and that is *that shadowless right and absolute justice are final victors in every contest.*

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We are often at a loss to account for that large faith of the old-time prophets and saints by which they foretold, when the thing seemed impossible, the triumph of truth. Is not their faith explained by the fact that they saw clearly that truth is a king against whose law and leading permanent rebellion is impossible; that there is, in truth, a law of divine compulsion by virtue of which obedience is secured, while liberty is preserved? And this cannot be because the mind is compelled to a choice it loathes, but because the mind is so constituted that only in obedience to truth can life and liberty be found.

A false psychology has led us wrong. The mind is not a trinity made up of the three entities,—will, reason, and sensibility. The mind is a unit. Reason is the mind thinking, sensibility the mind feeling, will the same mind choosing. The mind being a unit, an entity, it cannot be in rebellion against itself. It cannot permanently think along one line and choose along another. Thought is first. Upon right thinking depend right choice and right feeling. Once let the reason be thoroughly enlightened, and ultimately wise choice and correct feeling *must* result.

It follows, then, that conversion from the pursuit of evil to the love of good is not primarily a subjection of will to the law of righteousness, but far more,—*a new vision of truth in the soul.*

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Unfailing progress must characterize the religion that shall save the world. Truth triumphs because its resources are never exhausted, the limit of its development never reached. From age to age its beauties unfold, its powers develop, its resources increase, its range of adaptability widens. Truth leads the growing life of the world, and is star and sun above the expanding horizon of man's thought. As by the poet's word, "Progress is the stride of God," so, in truth, is progress the soul of that religion which represents God in the world. But progress is not simply change. Progress is the gradual realization of an ideal which—at least in outline—has been clearly presented and is faithfully held,—a pilgrimage, often toilsome enough, toward that shrine where truth dwells and where the longing of the heart is satisfied.

Now, the glory of Jesus—that which enables us to call him "Master" in all loyalty and love—is just this, that he drew across the black surface of the world's darkness that perfect ideal of faith and life toward which the generations *must move.* The progress of two thousand years in religion! What is it but the ever-growing triumph of Jesus' teaching touching the fatherhood of God? The darkness and cruelties of pagan religions are passing away. The power of mediæval dogmatism is waning. The hard Calvinism of the past is dead. Why? A monarch cruel and pitiless might so deal with despised subjects. A Father will not, *cannot*, pronounce upon his child an endless curse.

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And what is the social progress of the last two thousand years but the gradual acceptance and application to life of Jesus' teaching that all men are brothers, and that the law of brotherhood must control both thought and deed over the whole range of social relation? Read aright, this is what all our constitutions and statutes, from the Magna Charta to the last "Social Compact," aim to secure. They limit irresponsible power, and decree that the superior strength of some men shall turn to the advantage of all. The real object is to enlist in the service of the weak and foolish the wise and the strong,—to make it easy, as Gladstone has said, for men to do right and difficult to do wrong. For this reason there is and ever will be a ceaseless rebellion against the prostitution of government to private advantage. The good of all is the goal we would reach, and this "good of all" is nothing less than Christ's law of brotherhood. Willingly or unwillingly, we are moving on toward a juster application of this law to all the affairs of life. We may not like it. We may desire a more feasible scheme. We may attempt to play off one injustice against another, or try to balance bad usages until we strike some fancied golden mean of selfishness. We gain nothing. Our net breaks. Our feasible scheme fails. The golden mean of selfishness cannot be main-

tained; and, at last, enlightened by the truth we can no longer resist, we seek again the old, the divine ideal. Anew we speak the language of love, and anew its spirit warms our hearts.

Here, too, as in the past, so in the future. The word of the Master must prevail. A social order, recognizing in every law and custom that men—however they may differ in color or race, in knowledge or possessions—are all the common children of one God, such a society must be established among us as the only law by which we may live. W. D. SIMONDS.

Battle Creek, Mich.

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## *ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.*

### SUNDAY.

*Christ.*

In Christ I feel the heart of God
Throbbing from heaven through earth;
Life stirs again within the clod,
Renewed in beauteous birth.
The soul springs up, a flower of prayer,
Breathing his breath out on the air.

In Christ I touch the hand of God,
From his pure height reached down,
By blessed ways before untrod,
To lift us to our crown;
Victory that only perfect is
Through loving sacrifice, like his.

Holding his hand, my steadied feet
May walk the air, the seas;
On life and death his smile falls sweet,—
Lights up all mysteries;
Stranger nor exile can I be
In new worlds where he leadeth me.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

### MONDAY.

*Be Glad.*

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee,
'Twill shine again:
The clouds are very dark, 'tis true,
But just behind them smiles the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain:
God watches, and will send the sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

### TUESDAY.

*A Requiem.*

Into the eternal shadow
That girds our life around,
Into the infinite silence
Wherewith Death's shore is bound,
Thou hast gone forth, beloved!
And I were mean to weep
That thou hast left Life's shadows,
And dost possess the Deep.

Now I can see thee clearly;
The dusky cloud of clay,
That hid thy starry spirit,
Is rent and blown away:
To earth I give thy body,
Thy spirit to the sky,
I saw its bright wings growing,
And knew that thou must fly.

Now I can love thee truly,
For nothing comes between
The senses and the spirit,
The seen and the unseen;
Lifts the eternal shadow,
The silence bursts apart,
And the soul's boundless future
Is present in my heart.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

### WEDNESDAY.

*The Gathering Place.*

I know not where, beneath, above,
The gathering place so wonderful,
But all who fill our life with love
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh, rich with all the wealth of grace,
Oh, bright with many a holy face,
Is that exalted meeting place.

With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad home-land not far away!
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.

And, as we think of all we knew
Who there have met, and part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.
So poor this world, now they have gone,
We scarcely dare to think upon
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best
The joy or sadness that we need,
The time when we may take our rest
And be from sin and sorrow freed.
So we will wait with patient grace
Till in that blessed gathering place
We meet our friends, and see his face.

*Anon.*

### THURSDAY.

*Blind Eyes.*

So much, so much, we cannot understand!
So much that leaves the heart unsatisfied!
Oft-times we turn beneath God's chast'ning hand,
And in the passion of our human pride
Feel that our mighty Maker is unkind,
Because we cannot see,—our eyes are blind.

We cannot see why we should suffer so,
Who have not deeply sinned nor gone astray:
O blinded eyes, how can we rightly know
How far we wander from the blessed way?

Our finite vision cannot see above us
The stretching shade of the Almighty wing;
We cannot know how truly God doth love us,
Nor how he strives from pain his peace to bring.

We cannot know, because our eyes are blind
We turn away from his anointing hand,
And, groping, seek that we can never find,
Until in perfect peace we calmly stand,
Content to wait till we shall plainly see
In the new light of an eternity.

—*Grace Adèle Pierce.*

FRIDAY.

*When I Have Time.*

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care:
I'll help to lift them from their low despair—
When I have time!

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise—
When I have time.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent,
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content—
When you had time.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer
To those around whose lives are now so dear:
They may not need you in the coming year,
Now is the time.

*Selected.*

SATURDAY.

*The Silent Hours.*

As the storm retreating
Leaves the vales in peace,
Let the world's vain noises
O'er our spirits cease.

Now the hours of stillness
Wondrous visions show;
Heaven unfolds before us,
Angels come and go.

Holy, human faces,
From earth's shadows free,
Look with love upon us,
Bid us patient be.

Almost we discern them,
Almost read their smile,
Almost hear them saying,
"Wait a little while."

Thus in hours of stillness
Faith to Heaven shall rise,
Till death's last, deep silence
Quite unseals our eyes.

—*Theodore C. Williams.*

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## *EDITORIAL NOTES.*

We are glad to be able to call attention to the hearty response of our churches to the appeals so earnestly put forth on behalf of the general missionary work of our denomination. A large increase in the annual subscriptions to the American Unitarian Association has already been made. Fully one-third of the churches have increased their subscription from thirty per cent. to four hundred per cent., and no less than twenty churches which never before gave anything now appear upon the contributors' roll.

This is certainly a very encouraging showing; and with the additional fund of individual contributions, started by Mrs. Longstreth of Philadelphia, and already amounting to some $2,000, it seems very probable that by May 1, when the financial year closes, the total contributions for the year will show an increase of not less than $10,000.

One point still needs consideration. While all this earnest effort is quickening the life of our denomination, why is it that one hundred and fifty of our smaller societies hold themselves aloof? For we are told by Secretary Reynolds that, of our four hundred and fifty church organizations, one hundred and fifty do not contribute *anything* to our national missionary work. This is a pity. It deprives those churches of representation at the May meetings, and tends to weaken that sense of a common cause which stimulates the best denominational activities.

Do these smaller, yet many of them most important, churches of our faith realize that even the smallest contribution gives

them all the privileges of full representation, puts them on an equal footing with our largest societies, and helps to aid some still younger and weaker band of brethren?

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An inspiring address was given before the Unitarian Club of Boston, March 8, by Rev. Minot J. Savage, which aroused great enthusiasm for the yet unrealized possibilities of our work. Mr. Savage concluded as follows: —

"We talk about generous giving: we are generous givers; but, when we confront the great need of Unitarian work, the glory that ought to belong to Unitarian success, the good that might come to man from Unitarian success,—when we confront these great problems, and then look at the paltry amount of money we give, and when we hear from the South and West the cry of some little devoted band that really is consecrating itself and sacrificing for the sake of kindling a little light that is ready to be blown out by every cross-wind of adversity from every quarter,—the amount that we give is nothing."

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Seldom has the death of any member of our household of faith touched so many hearts, both inside our own communion and outside, as that of our loved and honored Dr. Andrew P. Peabody, which occurred on the 10th of last month. Dr. Peabody had reached the somewhat advanced age of eighty-two years, and yet he was so physically strong and so mentally alert that nobody thought of him as old or near his end. Indeed, but for the accidental injury which he met with (by a fall) some weeks ago, he might seemingly have remained with us, still active in preaching and in manifold beneficences, for many years longer. He has been best known and will be longest remembered in connection with his many years of efficient and noble service as Plummer Professor of Harvard College, in which office he made himself the personal minister and personal friend of the undergraduates in a way that endeared him to thousands. Through his writings, too, he became somewhat widely known. Indeed, we have had few preachers whose sermons have met with so much favor among all denominations.

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It is not strange that we have been and still are literally deluged with matter about Phillips Brooks,—articles, poems, sermons, memorial addresses, reminiscences, lessons from his life,—all asking room in our pages. We regret to be obliged for want of space to reject three-quarters or seven-eighths of this matter, interesting as nearly all of it is; for to print all would fill two or three entire numbers of the *Unitarian*. This spontaneity and urgency of utterance shows how warm a place this great preacher of love and light had found in the hearts of Unitarians. The excellent article upon his character and work which we printed last month, and which by accident appeared without a signature, was from the pen of Rev. Samuel A. Eliot of Denver, now of Brooklyn, N.Y., who came into very close contact with Mr. Brooks in connection with the work of the latter as preacher at Harvard.

We devote two or three pages more, this month, to this

"Great bishop, greater preacher, greatest man,"

whose memory is so fresh and whose life will always be thought of as so radiant. The article on his "Earlier Ministry" in Philadelphia, written by one who was in close personal contact and sympathy with it all, and who felt all its power and charm, will be read with unusual interest.

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Through an oversight no mention was made in our pages last month of the serious disaster which has befallen our Unitarian society in Ithaca, N.Y., in the loss of its church edifice by fire. The church cost some thirteen thousand dollars, exclusive of furniture and organ; and, it happened that at the time of the fire the insurance on the property covered less than half of that sum. So the loss is severe for a society which is not pecuniarily strong. But the work of raising money to rebuild it is being taken up with vigor. Already more has been subscribed by the congregation than any one dared hope for, and outsiders are helping generously. President Schurman, of Cornell University, has spoken publicly in very warm words of the value of the work done by the church in the community, and has added to his words a liberal donation. The Ithaca Conservatory of Music has recently given a concert in the Opera House in aid of the building fund. This shows the

cordial public feeling that exists toward the church. Rev. J. M. Scott, who has been the pastor for the past two years, has done a most excellent work, and has much strengthened the society. We are not aware that the Ithaca church has made any appeal to the denomination for aid. Nevertheless, any outside assistance that might be proffered we are sure would be gratefully received. And it is essential that the society, with its many-sided work, shall be well housed, and that our cause in this important college town shall in no way be crippled or weakened. We have no missions of more importance than those located at the seats of the great unsectarian State Universities of New York and the West. One word spoken and circulated in printed form at those great educational centres finds rich and fruitful soil. Hardly a new Unitarian society is organized in any of the Middle, Western, Southern, or Pacific Coast States that does not have among its leading spirits one or more young men or women who were first made acquainted with our Unitarian faith at Ithaca, or Ann Arbor, or Madison, or Iowa City, or Lawrence.

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Word comes from the chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the Unitarian Congress at the World's Fair, saying: "It will be impossible to give you the programme of the congress in time for publication in the April *Unitarian*. But there is plenty of time, as our meetings will not be held until September. When the programme is completed, I am sure it will delight our friends on both sides of the water."

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As an indication of how our home missionary work presses, and of the demand there is in all parts of the country for our liberal gospel, Rev. T. B. Forbush, superintendent of the American Unitarian Association for the West, writes: "During the last few weeks applications for ministers and for the starting of churches have come to me from two towns in Ohio, one in Wisconsin, two in Dakota (one being the capital of South Dakota), two in Iowa, one in Colorado, and one in Oklahoma. To conduct our work properly, at least six missionary preachers are needed in the Central West."

A strong effort has recently been made to introduce Trinitarian religious teaching into the public schools of London, England. Members of the School Board who belong to the Established Church brought in petitions from their constituents, urging the importance of "Christian" instruction for the children, in place of the merely "religious" instruction that had been given in the past. One of the orthodox members of the Board moved the resolution, "That the teachers be informed that, when the religious instruction for the day is given in passages from the Bible which refer to Christ, the children are to be distinctly taught that Christ is God, and such explanations of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity are to be given as may be suited to their capacities." The debate on this resolution was warm. At one time the prospect seemed to be that it would carry. Rev. Copeland Bowie, the secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, who is a member of the Board, made a strong fight against this narrow and sectarian movement, as did other liberal members. When the London daily papers found out what was being attempted, some of the strongest of them spoke out in condemnation. At last, after a discussion which lasted through five sessions of the Board, the resolution was lost, by a vote of twenty-eight to seventeen.

Gratifying as it is that this effort to sectarianize the London schools has been defeated, it is startling to think that it was made, and that it found so much support. One good result has come from the agitation: it has called public attention in a very marked way to the purely theoretical character of the doctrine of the Trinity, and to the fact that that doctrine has no place in either the Christianity of the New Testament or in the *practical* Christianity of to-day. In the Christianity of dogma and ritual it has a place: in the Christianity of deed, of love, and of life, it has none. The religion that needs to be taught to children, and to everybody else, to secure the welfare of society, is the religion of the Golden Rule and of God's fatherhood and man's brotherhood. Dogmas of Trinities, and the like, must more and more be relegated to theologians, historians, and antiquarians.

Probably nothing that is before the Unitarians of America is more immediately important than the prompt housing of our growing and promising missionary activities in Japan. The amount of money that is needed for this purpose is not very large, but it is thought best to raise it by special contributions; and it is essential that there should be no delay. The appeal of Mr. MacCauley, Mr. Lawrance, and our other workers, has been before our people here now for more than half a year. They asked for the very modest sum of $4,000, to put up a new building. Less than half of that amount has yet been furnished them. This delay threatens to be seriously injurious to their work. We print on another page a letter from Mr. MacCauley, the president of the Theological School and the head of the mission, explaining the situation and urging the prompt completion of the needed fund. We ask every Unitarian to read this letter. The reports that come from Japan through many sources, Orthodox as well as Unitarian, and English as well as American, all go to confirm the wisdom of the step taken when we established representatives of our faith in that newly awakening empire. These reports indicate that the influence of Unitarian ideas in Japan has already been far greater than is generally realized, and it promises to be greater still in the future. But it will be disastrous to slacken our interest or withhold proper support from our missionaries in a critical time like the present. Mr. MacCauley tells us they are just crossing the Rubicon. Let us heed his appeal to us to stand by them. Next month we are to hold our annual May meetings in Boston and Chicago. It is greatly to be hoped that we shall be met at those meetings with the report that the money needed for the new building in Tokio is every dollar subscribed.

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We call the attention of our readers to the Publisher's Department, which begins in this issue. It will be found profitable in keeping the reader informed of the newest things in our liberal religious publications.

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What a sublime doctrine it is that goodness cherished now is eternal life already entered upon!—*Channing.*

# Departments.

## *SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.*

In every discussion where the subject is "The Chief Aim of a Sunday-school" there is sure to be a strong conflict between those who advocate the heart impressions as contrasted with the head training. The advocates of the former speak of the chief value of Sunday-school existence as lying in contagious and climatic conditions; that is to say, influence is supposed to be the chief factor. The advocates of the latter emphasize information, the instilling of belief, and the enrichment of the mind. One party dislikes the word "school," and the other party centres everything in education. There is really no need of collision between the two elements. They ought to be in partnership. When we say that love, influence, traits of character, and tendencies are the chief points in Sunday-school life, we state the truth; but the question is forever pertinent, How are these conditions to be obtained? Certainly by only one channel; that is, the presentation of ideas and the enthronement in the young mind of commanding principles. Every fire is kindled on a hearthstone. Heart influences must have a definite cause for existing. One may stir up emotion, but in the result the sediment may be the chief observable feature. There should be a common understanding between the heart and head adherence, or we are liable to waste a great deal of our opportunity and appliances. If goodness, aspiration, and reverence are "contagious," as some say, contagion spreads by germs; and every germ then, to keep to the figure which they use, to the scientist's eye has a very clear reason for being, is distinctly constructed and equipped. So, if the Christian climate of character is to take tangible form, and have actual jurisdiction over human life, it must take more or less the form of clear conception, sure standard, and well thought out ideal. On the other hand, those who are laying so much stress on the kingdom of the heart have a large array of arguments which are valid to prove that, if the Sunday-school goes into the business of simply training the faculties and sharpening the intellect, or even filling up the reservoir of knowledge, there is a flagrant distortion of the chief purpose of a Sunday-school.

At a recent meeting of the Boston Sunday School Union the subject, "A Perfect Sunday-school," was considered. Aside from the various claims made for methods and machinery by which to reach out toward a model Sunday-school, there was the consideration of inner life and object. The various speakers seemed to consider the following three requisites as requiring special attention at the present time for the better development of Sunday-school in-

struction: first, a closer study of the Bible; second, a deepening of the God sense; third, the creation of a profounder spirit of reverence. All this is not vague, though it outlines great matters. Because, when a Sunday-school is held well in hand by minister, superintendent, and teachers, such great ends can be constantly kept in view. Of course, our great weakness just now is this lack of organic wholeness, by which all the parts recognize instinctively a common purpose, and all the work converges to a clearly defined result. Many critics who have not looked far into the matter consider that the discussion of what they call the practical details of Sunday-school work is by all odds more helpful than this larger outlook. Both are needful, but we are beholding a great waste of energy and material because Sunday-schools are not running on intelligent and continuous lines. If a superintendent knows what he wants to accomplish in the main, that consciousness will dominate his every plan and suggestion. This is the kind of unity which we in our liberal Sunday-schools must seek to achieve. The uniformity of one-topic lessons or the uniformity of dogma or the uniformity of anything merely formal in character is not possible; nay, is not desirable. But unity, and not uniformity, as Prof. Momerie has well put it, in other directions, is far from being an abstract topic. Every Sunday-school union and every teachers' meeting can so handle this idea as finally to establish it in the actual working existence of classes and sessions. Of course, when we say Bible study, God sense, and reverence, we are still looking through them to the one goal of character. On this, as the ultimate aim of Sunday-school influence and instruction, we are all agreed; but character is a composite result, and is made up of elements inherited and elements individual, made up of emotion and thought, made up of hopes and fears, ignorance and knowledge. A statement like that in the last paragraph recalls us to the question, Why is it that our habit continues of depreciating the value of religious and moral eduation for the young? One would suppose that liberal Christians above all would constantly support nature's first law and experience's constant verdict that, if we do not take care of the young, the future is just so much undermined. We are constantly decorating the dome and ornamenting the windows of the great structure of civilization, and ignoring the strengthening of the foundations. Just by way of incidental illustration I would cite the "Liverpool Unitarian Annual" for 1893, a book, by the way, full of capital suggestions. But among the many articles there is but one on the religious education of the young, and that is put in smaller type than all the others. It is highly suggestive, this more diminutive type. That is about the proportionate way in which this vital, all-absorbing question of the guidance of the young into character is treated by those who should know better. Church extension is every way desirable under proper conditions. New liturgies, modern philanthropy, Unitarian clubs for adults,—all these are not to be put aside; but my plea is that there is no reasonable proportion in the whole arrangement. These affairs are put so large as almost utterly to obscure the merits and significance of Sunday-school work. Liberal Christians think that sometimes, when they open a hall and start services, they have accomplished a vast deal for the kingdom of better things. And yet that movement, after costing a great deal of money, may prove a failure. It is yet to be shown that money and efforts put out on children and young people are in any instance wasted. It is irrational and somewhat obtuse for good and wise people to express their amazement at the slow growth of rational Christianity, when they themselves are doing so much to retard that expansion, either by letting the young generation alone or feebly attending to their wants.

The Unitarian Sunday School Society of Boston will make an exhibition of its publications at the Columbian Fair in Chicago. There will be special material printed to be given away by the thousand copies, informing the public of what we are doing through our text-books and our publications.

"Noble Lives and Noble Deeds" will be completed with the publication of the next five parts, and then the various lessons will be made up into a book, together with a complete index and table of contents, so that the whole will constitute a valuable resource for teachers in their handling of various topics.

The Universalist Sunday-schools are using the publications of the Unitarian Sunday School Society more and more. Whatever may be said about the international system, either for its substance or form, there is a strong desire to have more variety, greater compactness, and wider modern results than that uniform system embodies.

EDWARD A. HORTON.

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## *GUILDS.*

### THE RELATION OF JESUS TO US.

*A paper read by Miss Stella P. Dalton before the Guild of the Good Shepherd, in Brattleboro, Vt.*

Jesus is in very close relation to us, as we read of his trials and temptations; but it is difficult to realize that he is as near us in the way he overcame the evil desires of this world. He taught us how to strive for truth and the right, and gave these three watchwords to help us,—hope, faith,

and love; and these three words show a few of the ways through which Jesus is related to us.

Jesus is related to us through hope. With the dawning of intelligence came hope, which grew in the human soul till Jesus came with his teaching of immortality, giving the hope and certainty of a future life.

Jesus is related to us through faith. As one of the well-known poets says, "Faith is enlightened hope"; and so faith naturally follows hope.

Through all the long ages faith has been the key-note of religion. All through the Old Testament we are told what a high reward the faithful will have, but Jesus' doctrine of faith in God and faith in man told the world what was the real meaning of the word.

Faith leads us to love; and, through true love, Jesus is the most closely related to us, for he is the personification of love.

Consoler, teacher, everything that is love, was he; and, so surely as we try to fulfil the law of love, so surely will Jesus be nearer to us.

And so these three words, "hope," "faith," and "love," show us a few of the ways through which Jesus is related to us; and they resolve into three lessons. Grand lessons they are, teaching us how to so arrange our lives that we may do justly, live wisely, and walk humbly with our God.

"There are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

"Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,—
No night but hath its morn.

"Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

"Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

"Thus grave these words upon thy soul,—
Hope, Faith, and Love; and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind."

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We learn that the Sunday-school connected with the First Parish of Groton, Mass., has formed itself into a guild to hold meetings on Sunday evenings. The organization is called the "Guild of the Disciples." The pastor, Rev. Joshua Young, D.D., feels that this unsolicited movement of the young people is of much promise in the way of deepening life in the church.

The *Messenger*, published under the management of the guild of the Third Religious Society, Dorchester, Mass., reports one of the most interesting meetings, in which several members gave papers on Unitarian and other denominational news.

Rev. C. R. Eliot addressed the guild of Concord, Mass., on "The Higher Life," on Sunday evening, March 5. The president of the Alliance spoke, on March 5, at one of the Lenten services held under the auspices of the guild of the First Parish, Dorchester, Mass., his subject being "The Lesson of the Guild."

The annual meeting of the guild at Lexington, Mass., was held on the evening of March 6. Reports for the year were read, showing the good condition of the society. Meetings have been held on every other Sunday evening, excepting the period of vacation. Quite a sum of money has been collected for different enterprises. Plans for the future were suggested. Delegates were called for from neighboring guilds, but only one was represented on account of bad roads. The present membership is about fifty.

There are already a good many subscribers to *Our Young People;* but we need a considerable number more to make it self-supporting. Let some one attend to this matter in each guild. B. R. BULKELEY.

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## *UNITY CLUBS.*

At a recent joint meeting of the South Middlesex and Norfolk Unitarian Clubs Mr. Edward Atkinson gave an admirable address on "The Club as a Feature of the Modern Church." He said that churches needed more of the social element; and they ought to bring people together much more than they do, to know each other personally and sympathetically. He also spoke of the importance of the church building being adapted to this social feature of church work, and that most church architecture is wholly unfit for doing the kind of work in which a church ought now to engage.

These suggestions of Mr. Atkinson's seem to us so sound, sensible, so practical and to the point, that we wish to make them a text for a little sermon on club work. We wish now to get into a larger field than that of the Unity Club. It is true the Unity Club suggests what we have in mind, and in a measure realizes it; but we do not wish to limit the subject to any local or special phase.

As we view it, the club connected with the church represents the modern spirit and the modern method, imperfectly and in a feeble way, it is true; but it is the hint of a new life in the church and of a new idea of the church in its relations to the people as well as to the great interests of life. It

means the harmonizing of religion, the bringing of it into relations with the actual life of the people, their feelings, thoughts, and aspirations.

Mr. Edwin D. Mead has recently suggested that in building a new church at Plymouth one of Wren's designs should be adopted. Now, Wren worked for the eighteenth century, and in the spirit of its religion. In that religion the social and human idea had no place. It was a religion in which God was all, man nothing. It sent men out of church the moment the benediction was uttered, without recognition of each other, and the doors were locked until the next Sunday. It did not touch every-day life; for the Sunday was something apart,—something of another world. Religion was for eternity,—a preparation for heaven. It was not vital, human, social, or tenderly sympathetic. For that kind of religion Wren devised his churches, with a large and high room, wide galleries, a high pulpit, and bare walls. Many of those churches are to be found in New England. In most of them, even to-day, even under the Unitarian name, the religion is formal, unsympathetic, and barren.

A new type of religion is coming, and it needs a new kind of house. This religion is humanitarian, sympathetic, social, and warm. It needs a house in which the club element can find expression, which can be open every day in the week, which can be the centre of every kind of activity for the good of man. The Wren churches have been obliged, in every instance, to build a chapel, parish house, or other building for the Sunday-school, guild, and social meeting. The true church house is that which contains under one roof, in the closest relations, the room for church services, the Sunday-school room, the parlor, kitchen, and everything else necessary to the modern and humanitarian idea of a church.

Mr. Mead has very earnestly advocated what he calls the "civic church," by which he means a church for all the people, whose great object shall be in every way to enrich and enlarge the life of the whole community. Such a church can never be made at home in a Wren meeting-house, however noble it may be as a piece of architecture. What we want is an architecture adapted to the new conception of the church, adapted to social and neighborly meetings, where people can see each other face to face, and touch each other intimately as human beings under the sanction of those divine ideals and inspirations which the church represents. The church life and the social life have been divorced; and the "people" have, as a result, drifted away from the church. In a Wren church the rich and the poor can never come into contact with each other, and have between them any close human sympathy.

In the Wren church it is also impossible to touch the life of the intellect or the life of politics with the higher spirit of religion. The church architecture now needed is that which recognizes the club and the class as legitimate and necessary features of a church, and provides a place for them, and, to the end that they may exist, provides open doors for them every day in the year. In a word, the modern church must recognize that God speaks through science as well as through theology, in Whittier as much as in David, through the secular life as clearly as in any churchly life which ever existed. This the church is slow to learn, but learn it it must. It would seem, sometimes, as if other denominations were learning it much faster than Unitarians. No one denomination, however, is learning it to the exclusion of any other. It is in the air. It is a part of the movement of our day. It is bound to reach all denominations, and to carry religion into new channels, and away from the methods of the past.

The club, in its many forms, is coming into our churches, because it is a feeble effort to realize the new idea. It is the application of socialism to religion. It is the manifestation of the common spirit, the community of thought and life. Just in so far as religion comes clearly to recognize the brotherhood of man, this element will come into church life. "The service of man" is as essential to the new idea of religion as "the worship of God." The two must go together. They are of one piece, the complements of each other, each necessary to the other's full and perfect existence. The church house, the church service and methods, the church spirit and purpose, must recognize both of these elements of religion and provide for both. The meeting-house of the eighteenth century recognized only one element, and is therefore condemned. The church service and methods of the past recognized only one element, and are condemned for the same reasons and in the same degree. Through the club, through the social gathering, through the lecture-room, parlor, and kitchen, we are getting to the "service-of-man" side of religion. We must all confess that the result is as yet imperfect, that it has not yet been at all properly correlated with the "worship-of-God" side of religion. Yet we are approaching the right thing. We are moving in the right direction. Many are yet doubtful. They decry the club. They deprecate the kitchen. They are afraid that the church is becoming too secular, too humanitarian, too worldly. But let us not fear; for what we need, the more perfect expression of the humanitarian phase of religion, will come in due time. It must come, and is rapidly coming. That we ought to make up our minds to, and accept as a part of the inevitable. We need the civic Church, the

church of the social life of the people, the church that lifts up earth and consecrates it, the church that keeps open doors to every human need, that men through every phase of their being may be brought near to God and into touch with his life.

GEORGE W. COOKE.

## *UNIVERSALIST NOTES.*

### THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

Our Church has in its service an officer whose work is not so well known as it ought to be, but whose labors for the denomination are growing to be more and more appreciated. The assistant secretaryship was created some three years ago by the trustees of the General Convention. It was intended that its incumbent should canvass the churches in the interest of the convention, speaking in the pulpits of the country, visiting the various State conventions, presenting the work and the claims of our denominational official bodies, and securing offerings from the people in aid of the general funds of the church. He was thus a missionary in behalf of the convention, with a roving commission, East and West and North and South. There was felt to be a great deal as yet undone in the way of familiarizing the people with the real work and spirit of our institutions, and that it was time somebody was set about it. The trustees made choice of Rev. C. B. Lynn, then a successful pastor in Danvers, Mass., —a man of fine character, large experience, and abundant enthusiasm. He entered upon his work, and has been prosecuting it with energy and success for upward of two years. He goes wherever he can secure a hearing, —and that is not always so readily accorded as would be supposed,—and has already made a large circuit among our churches, both large and small, weak and strong, carrying his message of fellowship from the Church at large to each church in particular, and seeking to strengthen the bonds which hold the individual parishes in loyalty to the convention. He has been able to do a far more successful work than was anticipated for him. In almost all cases the offerings made have been larger than anybody expected, and the secretary has been able to make the people and the ministers feel in better humor toward the organized institutions of the denomination. One great defect in our church life has always been an overweening individualism and a revolt against ecclesiasticism. We have had to do much hard work in order to educate our constituencies into an appreciation of the proper limits of each of these extreme tendencies, the value of organization and the power of an associated life. Such a work as this Secretary Lynn has been doing, with great credit to himself and large benefit to the denomination.

### AN INVITATION TO DISBAND.

A few weeks since one of the leading dailies of New York City, which occasionally dips into theology and religion, undertook in its editorial columns to advise the Universalist Church to "throw down its arms and disperse." It argued that all the churches have become practically Universalist in theology, and that, as our own body had been dwindling and weakening year by year, it was clear that our work was done, and that we had better disband. The grounds of this invitation made some of us think, as Josh Billings used to say, that it is better not to know so much than to know so many things that "ain't so." It will be news, for example, to most liberals to know that the orthodox churches are practically Universalistic in their thought. Probably orthodox people would be even more astonished at the information. As for the rumor that we are dying, that has been reported for the last twenty-five years; and yet our annual statistics go right on reporting steady gains in churches, families, and funds. Our organization never was so good, our machinery never ran so smoothly, and there never was so strong a demand for ministers. If those are the signs of decay, the more we decompose, the better.

JOHN COLEMAN ADAMS.

## *LITERARY NOTES.*

The *New World* for March is open to no adverse criticism unless it be for giving Dr. Briggs and his heresy trial a disproportionate amount of space. The silly declaration by Drs. Hodge and Warfield about the infallibility of the Bible has been repeated so often—it is quoted at least three times in this single number—that it has ceased even to disgust us; and the technicalities of judicial procedure in the Presbyterian Church have little interest for those outside of that denomination. The most valuable part of C. R. Gillett's paper on "The Briggs Heresy Trial" is its analysis of the final vote, by which it appears that of ministers in actual service an overwhelming majority was in favor of acquittal. "Chapel missionaries" were as nine to two for acquittal, while "ministers without charges" were as fourteen to six for conviction. This means that the ship is kept up by those who are no longer doing the work of the Church. In the Orthodox Congregational church there is great fear at home lest the prevalence of certain views may "cut the nerve of foreign missions," but the missionary force at work in China and India expresses no such apprehension. There is no more hopeful sign in Christendom to-day than just this: that sectarian differences are simply ignored by the workers, and are kept alive mainly by those

for whose idle hands Satan finds some mischief still. The church unity in which we all believe, for which we all hope, is coming in genuine Anglo-Saxon fashion practically instead of theoretically. And one is inclined to ask whether pending controversies about the Bible will not come to an end in about the same way. In proportion as "The Personal Factor in Biblical Inspiration," of which Marvin R. Vincent treats, is recognized and made use of in the inspiration of present personalities,—that is, as the Bible gets into practical use as an inspiration for high thinking and prophetic living,—we shall hear less and less about its infallibility and its authority. The quality of the deed vouches for the authority of the inspiration. Yet it is not merely the practical, but also the poetical workers (as Mr. Chadwick shows in his sketch of "Whittier's Spiritual Career"), who are heralds and makers of the unity of the spirit. One of the Sunday papers—perhaps it was the Springfield *Republican*—had an article recently upon the aid which poetry gives to the preacher. The amount to which modern sermons are indebted to poets, not merely for apt quotations, but also for the lyric note which dominates often the entire discourse, is of most hopeful augury. When the workers and the singers are in alliance, no lumpishness can block their way. The poets who give utterance to the aspirations and needs of essential humanity impart to the workers sympathy with what Dr. Bartol calls "Cosmopolitan Religion." "To be cosmopolitan is to be human. . . . In religion each must be, else we are not truly religious at all."

Evidently, the editor's design was to make this number mainly Biblical in its contents, for besides the articles already referred to we have papers on "The Place of the Fourth Gospel in the New Testament Literature" by Orello Cone, which, in spite of some fanciful exegesis and a lack of discrimination between the personal and the historic authenticity of the book, is a very clear and careful statement; "The Folk-song of Israel in the Mouth of the Prophets" by Karl Budds, opening up a fresh and fascinating field of inquiry; "The Alleged Socialism of the Prophets" by A. W. Benn, in opposition to Renan; and "Israel in Egypt," by Prof. Toy, which controverts the popular supposition that Israel drew largely in its early faith and institutions from Egyptian sources. All these articles are admirable, and with the book reviews make up a number of uncommon strength,—uncommon, that is, for any review except the *New World*. W. W. Fenn.

"Guide to the Knowledge of God." A Study of the Chief Theodicies. By A. Gratry, Professor of Moral Theology. Translated by Abby L. Alger. With an Introduction by W. R. Alger. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $2.00.

Dr. Hedge, in "Ways of the Spirit," in the chapter on "The Critique of Proofs of the Being of God," has this remarkable passage: "The fact is, the belief in God precedes and underlies all the attempts to prove his existence, and vitiates all the reasoning in such demonstrations. The idea being given, to defend it by reasoning is one thing, to discover it by reasoning is a very different thing, and a feat that was never yet accomplished by mortal wit." This paragraph might well be taken as the thesis of Father Gratry's "Guide." His method is historical and constructive, and the book naturally falls into two parts. In the first the arguments of the great masters are treated with masterly insight and skill. The essays on the theodicies of Plato, Aristotle, Saint Augustine, Descartes, Pascal, and Leibnitz, are especially to be commended. There is a fairness and breadth of view, coupled with a keen spiritual insight, that renders these chapters the more interesting, coming as they do from a Catholic priest. I find nothing in the book to offend the most sensitive Protestant taste. A preference is shown for the method of Plato,—the dialectic process. "Plato knew that there are two processes of reasoning, and not merely one. He knew that the most potent of these two processes, and quite as exact as the other, is the scientific truth of which poetry is merely the image." Plato's method, in other words, takes account of all the powers of the soul. Intuition, imagination, moral and æsthetic feeling, are present, as well as intellect and will. "Thus Plato, through his dialectic, was able to rise to the true God." Aristotle's method is less worthy of commendation. The deductive logic can never of itself give us the knowledge of God. Aristotle's work is valuable only in so far as it accepts the work of Plato, and shows that by deduction the idea is not reduced *ad absurdum*. Aristotle's method may detect errors in that of Plato, if these exist; but it cannot give us Plato's truth.

Father Gratry has in the second part of his book a strong preference for the method and result of Leibnitz's theodicy. He would say, with Schelling (though he takes no account of the great German idealists, unless it be to oppose them), that all paths lead to the Infinite. Finite power presupposes Infinite Power, finite knowledge Infinite Knowledge, and finite love Infinite Love. As our thought rises from nature or man or the idea of God to God himself, God becomes all-knowing and all-loving Spirit.

Another thought emphasized repeatedly by the author is this,—that to know God we must, as Socrates is said to have remarked, unknow laziness, ignorance, and vice. God is not a mere abstraction, but

a person at once just and merciful. Knowledge of God presupposes communion with God. But can two walk together, except they be agreed? Neither can man keep God in his knowledge unless he, too, deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly. I quite agree with Mr. Alger's opinion of this work, that, "in point of attractiveness and solid value, no work on the same subject within the entire compass of English literature can for a moment stand a comparison." A. B. CURTIS.

"Gospel of Paul." By C. C. Everett. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.—This is a remarkable volume. It is treasure brought forth before the eyes of all, from the very field where everybody has hunted, and where every inch of ground has been dug over a hundred times. An unusual number of important works on exactly this theme have but just appeared, or have been published during the time Prof. Everett has been silently preparing this work; and yet none of them reveal, though some seem to dimly hint at, notably perhaps Du Bose's "Soteriology," the solution of the mysteries which the genius of Prof. Everett has discovered. Very cautiously and warily the volume opens with chapters weighing carefully the historical presumptions and assumptions in regard to the general nature of sacrifice and atonement, and exposing the unscriptural character of the modern popular traditional views. But no sooner does the reader reach the heart of the book, which is Chapter IV., than the joyous conviction seizes him that Paul has at last met his match. If in Paul's passionate dialectic there is everything but definite, explicit statement of the principles upon which his whole doctrine is based, in Prof. Everett Paul finds a master mind that will not let him go until he stands absolutely confessed in the tersest imaginable kind of good, clear English. But it is by no force, it is by intense insight and appreciation, that this result is brought about. Prof. Everett recognizes that Paul was a man of moods. But, instead of pushing each mood forward to an assumed resulting doctrine, he has traced back to the originating principles, and by doing so gives us an interpretation which differs radically from the commonly accepted one, and seems to extricate us from the jungle of contradictions into which most of the Commentaries lead. The student must follow through the book itself the elaborate presentation by which Paul is exonerated from teaching that Christ bore vicariously the penalty of men's sins.

"The Evolution of Christianity." By Minot J. Savage. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis.—To say that this compact little volume is the most valuable contribution to the progressive study of religion which Mr. Savage has yet given us is to say a very great deal, when we recall how much has come from his untiring hand during the last twenty years. There is, however, nothing in previous volumes that seems to us quite so thorough and complete and satisfying as this. The discussion and analysis, while just as keen and searching as we have learned to expect in any work from Mr. Savage, do not occupy a disproportionate space, but are fairly followed by a clearer view and more precise statement of the permanent, the true, and the real in Christianity than anything Mr. Savage has previously written. There is a dramatic tendency which properly belongs to the subject, so skilfully followed as to greatly enhance the interest. To the unprejudiced student the treatment of the same subject by Dr. Lyman Abbott will not compare with the method here adopted. For in the former the impression is constant throughout that the author is seeking to apologize for the introduction into his philosophy of a few truths not previously admitted; while Mr. Savage leads us to feel that in his philosophy there are no assumptions to be apologized for, that truth has everywhere the right of way. Mr. Savage dedicates his book to those "who are willing to learn that God's method is one of growth, and that it is as true in religion as it is anywhere else"; and this thought is fearlessly followed. But growth means new life and more of it. It is the author's clear sight of what this new life is and means, and his admirably vivid interpretation of what he sees, that make this book so invaluable.

"The New Bible and its New Uses," by Joseph Henry Crooker, author of "Jesus Brought Back," "Problems in American Society," etc., will shortly appear (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston). Wisely planned and comprehensive in scope, this book presents in a readable and earnest way the results of the Higher Biblical Criticism, and redeems the Bible for the world's practical use. With reverent yet unsparing fidelity, what are manifestly errors in the Bible are pointed out, the claim of the Bible for itself is shown, and its value as an authority argued. Appendices of great value present analyses of certain portions of the Bible text, illustrating the method of accretion and amalgamation of the early writings, to which are added discussions on "Prophecy" and the "Resurrection," with tables presenting the complete Bible chronology according to latest critical discoveries.

"Phillips Brooks in Boston: Five Years' Editorial Estimates," by M. C. Ayres, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, is announced for speedy publication. A reprint of living words from day to day appearing in one of the leading papers of the bishop's own city, the contents of this book presents more vivid and lifelike representations of the

vital characteristics of the bishop's personality and power, and of the marked events in his career, than could possibly be secured from any backward look since his death. The volume will contain an Introduction by Rev. W. J. Tucker, D.D., Professor in Andover Theological Seminary and President-elect of Dartmouth College. Cloth, 50 cents. (Geo. H. Ellis, Boston.)

J. Stillman Smith & Co., of 3 Hamilton Place, Boston, are printing weekly, in tract form, a series of sermons by Dr. E. E. Hale. The titles of some of the sermons published thus are: "The Church and the World," "The First Church of Christ," "Life hid with God," "The Perfect Sunday-school," "To Glorify God," "Whittier, Curtis, and Longfellow," "'Tis Fifty Years since," "Personal Religion," "Modern Idolatry," "To Enjoy Him Forever," "Truth," "How to use the Bible," "Light of the World," "Phillips Brooks," "Creeds and Life."

The Unitarian Theological School in Tokyo, Japan, has now eighteen students; and they are "not boys, but mature-minded young men," as Mr. MacCauley, the president, assures us. This is a most encouraging beginning. The school is admirably equipped with a faculty of five professors and instructors,—a teaching force which may well challenge comparison with those of our theological institutions at home.

"Tools and the Man" is the title of a new book by Dr. Washington Gladden, in which he endeavors to state as clearly as possible the law of pure Christianity as applied to present conditions of property and industry. It has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. We believe his book comprises the series of lectures on "Social Science" delivered a few months ago before the Meadville Theological School.

Mrs. Ormiston Chant of London expects to arrive in America on May 3, *en route* for Chicago, to speak at the Woman's Congress held there in connection with the World's Fair about the middle of the month. She will probably remain in this country several months to fill engagements for lecturing and other speaking. Her many friends here will be glad to know that she has quite recovered from her illness of last winter.

As the time draws near for travel to Europe to begin (unless it is to be prevented by our World's Fair), it is of interest to notice that Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued a new edition, thoroughly revised to date, of their excellent "Satchel Guide," which we can say from personal experience is a most excellent companion for a tour through the principal European countries.

A new book, by Rev. N. P. Gilman, entitled "Socialism and the American Spirit," is promised soon from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It will contain chapters on "Individualism and Socialism," "The Present Tendency of Socialism," "Nationalism," "Christian Socialism," "The Industrial Future," "The Functions of the State," and "Industrial Partnership."

A marble memorial tablet to James Russell Lowell, and bearing a portrait in low relief, is to be put up in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. George Bampton is to be the sculptor. Above it is to be a stained-glass window, also commemorating Lowell.

S. C. Griggs & Co. of Chicago announce for early publication a book entitled "Persian Literature, Ancient and Modern," by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, author of the excellent work on "Hindu Literature" published two or three years ago.

Harper & Brothers are to publish immediately a book by Annie Fields, entitled "Whittier: Notes of his Life and of his Friendships."

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## *THE REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.*

*The Arena* (March).

A Religion for All Time. By Louis R. Ehrich.

The Social Quagmire, and the Way out. I. The Farmer. By Alfred Russel Wallace, D.C.L.

Life after Death. By Prof. S. P. Wait.

A Pilgrimage and a Vision. By B. O. Flower.

Women Wage-earners. Part III. By Helen Campbell.

Christ and the Liquor-seller. By Helen M. Gougar, A.M.

*The Sanitarian* (March).

The Need of Sanitary Supervision of Schools. By Jerome Walker.

National Health Service in Congress.

The National Quarantine Law.

Iquique: Its Local Conditions and Climate. By George H. Cooke.

*The Atlantic Monthly* (March).

Random Reminiscences of Emerson. By William Henry Furness.

My College Days. I. By Edward E. Hale.

The Ancestry of Genius. By Havelock Ellis.

Pagan and Christian Rome.

*The Review of Reviews* (March).

Phillips Brooks. I. An English Estimate and Tribute. By Archdeacon Farrar. II. His Power as a Preacher. By Charles F. Thwing.

American Politics: A Study of Four Careers (Blaine, Lamar, Hayes, Butler). By Harry Pratt Judson.

*The North American Review* (March).

American Farming a Hundred Years hence. By the Hon. J. M. Rusk.

Conceptions of a Future Life. By Archdeacon Farrar.

Fads of Medical Men. By Cyrus Edson, M.D.

Recollections of George Sand. By Madame Adam.

*Scribner's Magazine* (March).

Audubon's Story of his Youth.

The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway. By Selah Merrill.

A Sahara Caravan. By A. F. Jaccaci.

The Work of the Andover House in Boston. By William Jewett Tucker.

*Lend a Hand* (March).

Phillips Brooks.

Reformatories for Girls. By H. Sidney Everett.

Moral and Educational Value of Manual Training. By B. F. McDaniel.

Union in Work. By Miss Ellen Andrews.

Crime, Lunacy, and Charity in Massachusetts. By George E. Littlefield.

*The Century Magazine* (March).

Jamaica. By Gilbert Gaul.

Westminster Abbey. By Henry B. Fuller.

The Present State of Old Testament Criticism. By Edward Lewis Curtis.

Camille Saint-Saëns. By Henry E. Krehbiel.

Artist Life by the North Sea. By H. W. Ranger.

*The Psychical Review* (February to April).

Cases of Fulfilled Prophecies. By M. Rylda Libby.

Mysterious Music revealed through Clairaudience. By Hester M. Poole.

Leaves from the Autobiography of a Psychic. By Mrs. Emma Miner.

The Search for Facts. Part I. Immediate and Mediate Testimony of Consciousness. By F. E. Allen.

*The Andover Review* (March–April).

The Higher Criticism, and its Application to the Bible. By Prof. Edward Lewis Curtis.

The Nature of Christ's Authority as a Lawgiver. By Rev. G. F. Genung.

Phillips Brooks. By Prof. William Lawrence.

Morality on a Scientific Basis. By Rev. James T. Bixby.

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Only what we have wrought into our character can we take with us to the other world.—*Humboldt.*

## *NEWS FROM THE FIELD.*

[*News items are solicited from all our ministers and other workers. Send them to the* EDITOR OF THE UNITARIAN, 141 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON, *before the* 18*th of the month.*]

REV. W. HANSON PULSFORD, late of the Congregationalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

REV. J. F. HOWARD, late of the Universalist ministry, having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

REV. F. A. HINCKLEY, formerly minister of the Free Religious Society at Florence, Mass., having sustained a thorough examination covering all points bearing upon his qualifications for the work of the Unitarian ministry, and having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship that he is in all respects worthy of their approval, is hereby commended to the fellowship of our ministers and the confidence of our churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman. D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

**Ann Arbor, Mich.**—A Ministers' Institute, to embrace all the liberal ministers of the State,—Unitarian, Universalist, and Independent,—is to be held in Ann Arbor April 18, 19, and 20. The day sessions will be devoted to papers, addresses, and discussions of subjects of special interest to ministers, and the evenings to meetings for the public. One afternoon will be devoted to looking through the libraries, museums, laboratories, art gallery, and various departments of the university. It is believed that this institute will be of great value, not only for thought-quickening and inspiration, but also in promoting acquaintance among the liberal ministers of the State, and in drawing all, whether they call themselves by the same ecclesiastical name or not, into closer fellowship and co-operation.

Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo and Mrs. Helen P. Jenkins of Detroit have recently lectured in Ann Arbor in the Unity Club course, having for their subjects "A Pilgrimage to the Homes of Shakspere and George Eliot" and "Madame de Staël."

Mr. Sunderland is to exchange pulpits for two Sundays (April 9 and 16) with Rev. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, N.Y. All here are looking foward to Mr. Calthrop's coming with the expectation of a rare treat.

**Austin, Tex.**—In spite of the "grippe," our intrepid minister at Austin held his usual services last month. His subject on January 26 was "The Unitarian Belief." Over a hundred attended,—two judges, several university students, and quite a number of members of the legislature, which is now in session. Copies of the *Southern Unitarian* and other literature are much in demand. One legislator came to Mr. Wheelock after service, and said he had been an unconscious Unitarian all his life, but benceforth he would be one avowedly. It was his first experience in hearing liberal religious thought. Mr. Wheelock writes that he can distribute a hundred copies or more of our paper among the Texas legislators with fine results. (It would be good Alliance work to subscribe for fifty copies for Austin.) "There is a lively interest to know what these infidels who are troubling the orthodox Israel have to say. The society grows in numbers." From other sources we hear what Mr. Wheelock could not write, that it was also growing in enthusiasm and in thorough appreciation of his work. Who can estimate the good which will be accomplished by that one church in the capital of Texas? *Southern Unitarian.*

**Big Rapids, Mich.**—The Unitarian church here has lost its excellent pastor, Rev. L. R. Daniels, who has accepted a call to settle in South Natick, Mass.

**Boston, Mass.**—The March meeting of the Unitarian Club was a very inspiring one. Rev. Minot J. Savage, speaking on "The Unused Resources of Unitarianism," certainly succeeded in arousing some of them in the quickened spirits of his listeners.

—The noon services which have been held at King's Chapel during Lent, conducted by the ministers of Suffolk Conference, have been attended much more largely than in any previous years, a great many business men availing themselves of this opportunity for a half-hour's reverent worship in the heart of a busy day.

—The death of Dr. A. P. Peabody, our gentle and beloved saint and spiritual guide, takes from almost every public occasion one of the most looked for figures, and will inevitably bring a sense of loss to all our accustomed gatherings for many a long day.

—The burning of Tremont Temple affects what has been long regarded as one of the most important religious institutions in the city. In the heart of the business section the Temple has done what no other church has succeeded in doing, drawn in three immense congregations on every Sabbath. Under Dr. Lorimer these services have been a power in the lives of thousands, and it is to be hoped the fire will not cause any serious delay in the continuation of such good work.

—Rev. George D. Latimer of Allston has resigned, to the deep regret of his parish, in order to accept the call from the North Church of Salem to become associate pastor with Rev. E. B. Willson. Mr. Latimer will be much missed from the Suffolk Conference and the Boston Association, in both of which bodies he was an energetic worker. Salem, however, will rejoice in the acquisition of this new life.

—The Brighton Unitarian Club held Ladies' Night Thursday, March 16, at Copley Square Hotel. The club was addressed by Rev. Grindall Reynolds, Rev. D. M. Wilson, H. W. Chaplin, Esq., and W. H. Baldwin. The subject discussed, "Unitarianism: Its Sources of Strength, its Work and Mission." One hundred and twenty-five were present.

—Rev. Edward H. Hall of the First Parish, Cambridge, who recently resigned his charge after ten years of service, in order to pursue special literary studies in Europe, preached an impressive farewell sermon March 27. He took his text from Psalm iv. 14, "We took sweet counsel together, and walked unto the house of God in company." Among other things, he said that "life has no choicer boon to offer than its companionships; and, among them all, shall we not say that none are holier or finer than its religious companionship? This thinking together on highest themes, taking counsel together on gravest duties, and laboring together for the moral and social advancement of the race,—what closer tie can unite friend with friend! I can leave with you no better wish than that this church may be always animated with this modern spirit,—the fearless and reverential love of truth,—and may find in it an ever-increasing strength and joy."

**Brattleboro, Vt.**—Rev. Charles T. Semper has accepted a call to the Unitarian church.

**Burlington, Vt.**—Rev. H. L. Wheeler has tendered his resignation as pastor of the First Church.

**Cleveland, Ohio.**—The Unity Church has given a call to Rev. Marion Murdock and Miss Florence E. Buck, now studying in Manchester New College, to become its joint pastors. The manner in which this call was given is thus described in one of the Kalamazoo papers: "About a month ago Miss Bartlett preached in the Unity Church, and the Cleveland papers mentioned that there was a thought of calling her to the pulpit of Unity Church, but that she promptly declared that under no circum-

stances would she leave her parish in Kalamazoo. She offered, however, to find them a desirable woman pastor, and very strongly recommended her two friends and sister ministers, Miss Murdock and Miss Buck, with such effect that the church was induced to extend a call to these ladies without ever having seen or heard them. There has as yet been no direct communication between Unity Church and Miss Murdock and Miss Buck; but Saturday Miss Bartlett, upon being informed of the decision of the church, cabled the ladies at Oxford." Miss Buck in the fall of 1891 entered with advanced standing at Meadville Theological School, with the intention of graduating this year. Being desirous of obtaining a more thorough course, and not being allowed to enter the Divinity School at Cambridge, she and Miss Murdock went to Oxford. Arrangements, we are told, have been made whereby Miss Buck will be credited at Meadville for the year's work done at Oxford, and may thus take her degree from Meadville. Miss Murdock was taking postgraduate studies at Meadville when she left for Oxford. The two are expected to return to this country early in July.

**East Lexington, Mass.**—Special evening services are being held during Lent, Rev. George W. Cooke, the pastor of Follen Church, preaching upon the following topics: "A Faith to live by," "Religion for Dying Hours," "Man a Living Soul," "Seeing the Invisible."

**Grand Rapids, Mich.**—The annual meeting of Unity Church was held March 1, with a supper at the church. The church has completed its second year with no deficit or outside assistance. While the numbers are not increasing rapidly, there is a marked growth in the organic life in the congregation. The work may be regarded as established.

**Great Barrington, Mass.**—Rev. Carl G. Horst of Pittsfield preaches here the first Sunday in each month. On March 5 Mr. Horst preached an interesting discourse on "Capital Punishment, a Relic of Barbarism, as Opposed to the Spirit of our Lord and Saviour." Text, "Render to no man evil for evil" (Romans xii. 17).

**Haverhill, Mass.**—Rev. Blanche P. Bagley, during the absence of her husband, is very successfully conducting the services of the First Parish. Mrs. Bagley is also acting as secretary of the Essex Conference.

**Jackson, Mich.**—Special evening services are being held during Lent.

**Japan.**—The Japan *Daily Mail* of February 3 contains in full a paper by Rev. Clay MacCauley, on "The Genius and Work of Robert Burns," read before the Yokohama Literary Society at the Burns memorial meeting, January 28. The paper occupies about four columns of the *Mail.*

**Kalamazoo, Mich.**—The Unitarians here are happy beyond words. A leading member of the society, Mr. Silas Hubbard, has given $20,000 toward the new church that has been so long wanted, and $6,000 has been raised besides. So the new church home is assured.

**Keene, N.H.**—The Unitarian Club of Keene, N.H., held its March meeting last Wednesday in the church parlor. The president, Dr. George B. Twitchell, presided. The room was well filled with members and their friends, who listened to an address by Rev. George M. Bodge of Leominster on the subject, "Helps and Hindrances to Pastor and People: Inside View." A pleasant feature of the evening was the singing by a quartette of boys from the guild. Several speakers followed the essayist.

**Littleton, Mass.**—Rev. J. F. Porter has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Unitarian church.

**Louisville, Ky.**—Rev. C. J. K. Jones has been to Florida for a visit. He preached in Tampa on February 5.

**Madison, Wis.**—The Wisconsin Liberal Ministers' Institute was successfully organized January 31, at a large gathering of Unitarian and Universalist ministers held at the invitation of the Unitarian society of this place. Rev. J. F. Schindler was elected president, and Rev. H. T. Secrist secretary. Some of the subjects that were ably discussed during the three days of the institute were "Ministerial Visitation in the Parish," "The Evening Service," "Young People's Societies," "The Pulpit and the Pew," "Religion and the Church," "Cooperation between Unitarians and Universalists," "Industrial Problems," etc.

Rev. T. B. Forbush gave a stirring address on "The Rising Tide of the Liberal Faith."

Rev. George H. Clare gave an exceedingly careful and judicious talk upon the preparation of sermons.

It was unanimously voted that the institute should hold its next annual meeting during the last week of January, 1894. The Madison society were most hospitable in entertaining visiting ministers. A full report of the proceedings has been published for free distribution, and can be had of any liberal minister in the State of Wisconsin.

**Milwaukee, Wis.**—The "Calendar" of the First Unitarian Church, Rev. H. T. Secrist, shows unusual activities in this society. In reference to church membership the "Calendar" says:—

"One becomes a member of this church by being accepted by the Committee on

Membership, and then by signing the 'Bond of Union,'—which is a general expression of purpose,—or otherwise by contributing ten dollars annually. It is hoped that all who do contribute will also sign the 'Bond of Union,' and thus remove the membership from any financial consideration. Applications for membership should be made to the minister, who is chairman of the committee. One may become a member at any time: however, it is hoped to make a special feature of membership at Easter."

And of the Sunday-school it is said:—

"The Sunday-school meets every Sunday at 12 M. If you know of any young person who is not in any Sunday-school, and who ought to be in ours, please hand his name and address to the minister. You are invited to attend the opening exercises, even if you cannot remain the whole hour. The library is in use, but new and later books are much needed. Teachers' meetings at the minister's study Fridays, 5 to 6 P.M."

**New Haven, Conn.**—Rev. Henry C. Badger has been preaching for the Universalist church here during the past three months to steadily growing congregations, and has been asked to take permanent charge of the society. He will probably stay at least until July. A few weeks ago he preached a very strong sermon on "Phillips Brooks and our Boston Heretics," which by request he repeated later as a paper before all the New Haven ministers at their Monday meeting.

**New Orleans, La.**—The Unitarian church in this city has called Rev. Walter C. Peirce of Rhode Island to be its minister. The invitation has been accepted; and Mr. Peirce preached in New Orleans for the first time on Sunday, February 5.

**New York.**—The New York League of Unitarian Women held its regular meeting March 3 at Lenox Avenue Church. The programme was as follows: "The American Unitarian Association," Miss Lilian Freeman Clarke, Boston; "The National Conference and Women's Alliance," Mrs. Emily A. Fifield, Boston; "The Western Conference," Rev. Ida C. Hultin, Moline, Ill.; "The Middle States Conference," Mrs. Anna W. Longstreth, Philadelphia; "The Unitarian Sunday School Society," Mrs. Thomas J. Mumford, Plainfield, N.J.; "The Southern Alliance," Mrs. George L. Chaney, Richmond, Va. At 2.30 P.M. Miss Florence Everett of Boston and Mrs. F. B. Skinner of Philadelphia met for conference and discussion with Post-office Mission workers.

**Oakland, Cal.**—The announcements of the First Unitarian Church are very voluminous. The pastor, Rev. Charles W. Wendte, preaches during Lent a series of sermons on "Jesus and Modern Thought." The Starr King Fraternity has inaugurated a series of weekly lectures on "The Theory of Evolution." The Unity Club, the Lend a Hand Club, and classes in French, German, and English literature all announce interesting work.

**Pittsfield, Mass.**—On Sunday morning, February 26, Rev. Carl G. Horst preached an excellent sermon entitled "My Confession of Faith," a two-column report of which appeared in the daily paper. Indirectly, it was a reply to the Baptist minister's sermon in which he had taken the liberty, with more zeal than judgment, to run down "liberal theology." Mr. Horst took for his text John xviii. 3 and Matthew xvi. 16, and said: "It is not my purpose, nor have I the time this morning, to speak of all the articles of my faith. I will speak of but four points,—points on which a liberal clergyman for some reason or other is frequently misunderstood, and so often—unintentionally, I trust—totally misrepresented."

Mr. Horst then took up each of these four points,—God, Man, Christ, and the Bible.

"To sum up, then, what has been said, let me say:—

"1. I believe in God, in one God, one Father in heaven.

"2. I believe in Man, not hopelessly ruined, but incomplete, and ever advancing as the ages pass 'unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ.'

"3. I believe in Jesus the Christ, the Son of the living God (not God the Son), not as God to be worshipped, but as the divine Messenger, the great and holy Teacher to be loved and followed.

"4. I believe in the Bible, not as the literal word of God, but as containing a revelation from God to man, to be studied reverently in the light of reason and good common sense. Reason is the arbiter of truth. By it we 'prove all things, and hold fast that which is good.'

"If all the theological turmoil that is going on around us, if the heresy trials of Prof. Smith and Dr. Briggs and Rev. Mr. MacQueary indicate anything, they indicate that these views are destined ultimately to be the creed of Christendom, as sure as day follows night."

On March 12 Rev. Mr. Horst exchanged with Rev. J. W. Carney of Holyoke.

**Providence, R.I.**—The Unitarian Club met on Monday evening, March 13. The meeting was the largest and best of the season. After supper, as part of the business proceedings, the secretary read a missionary tract prepared at the suggestion of the council, in the nature of an appeal to the club to give generously in their annual subscription in aid of our Fourth Unitarian Society. The subject for discussion for the evening was "The Modern Idea of Educa-

tion in Relation to Religion," and was most ably presented by Rev. S. M. Crothers of St. Paul, Minn., followed by Rev. B. R. Bulkeley of Concord, Mass., and Rev. E. B. Andrews, D.D., president of Brown University.

**San Francisco, Cal.**—The Second Society is rejoicing over the successful purchase of the Woodbridge Presbyterian Church, into which the society has now moved. Opening services were held February 26. This society grew rapidly out of evening services held in Mission Music Hall in 1891. Rev. Leslie W. Sprague has accepted a call to become the settled pastor.

**Seattle, Wash.**—On February 20 the Unitarian society held its annual meeting, which was the largest and most enthusiastic in its history. The report of the past year was read, which showed a prosperous condition of the society. A very hearty call was extended to Rev. William G. Eliot to become the permanent pastor. The call has been accepted.

**South Natick, Mass.**—The acceptance by Rev. L. R. Daniels of the pastorate of our society here is matter of congratulation to every one concerned. Mr. Daniels has also been unanimously invited to become pastor of the church at Sherborn, to hold afternoon services.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—Mr. Charles Nagle read a paper on "Our Neglect of Criminal Laws" before the Unitarian Club on February 21. It awoke much earnest feeling, and the discussion which followed was prolonged beyond the usual hour. The club is greatly indebted to Mr. Nagle for a most stimulating address.

The chorus choir gave Weber's Mass in G on Sunday, February 19. The congregation filled the house, and the high level of these services was fully maintained. Musical people watch for these occasions, and are present in large numbers on each opportunity.

During Lent the congregation is invited to a series of Sunday evening devotional services. At these services a talk on some overlooked or misunderstood passage of Scripture is a feature.

Unitarians here were not to be deprived of the pleasure of hearing Dr. Hale on the occasion of his recent visit to St. Louis. He was unable to preach; but, had he been as familiar with our people as they with him, he would have recognized a large proportion of the members of Unity and the Church of the Messiah in the audience he faced on the occasion of the dedication of our new public library building, at which time he delivered a delightful address.

Rev. John Snyder emphasized the loss all felt in Bishop Brooks's death by an eloquent memorial sermon the Sunday following the eminent divine's death.

The Unitarian Club met on the 21st, and listened to a paper on "Pulpit Politics," by Mr. Marcus M. Pratt.

Ellen M. McKeighan, wife of J. H. McKeighan, died at her home in this city March 17, after a long and painful illness. The loss our society has experienced is expressed in resolutions adopted by the Eliot Society of which she was president in 1891–92, the Mission House Board, on which she had served for years faithfully and well, and the Unitarian Club, of which her husband had been president and she a constant and interested attendant during the active days of health. The truest expression of our loss is the sense which as individuals we have of her helpful, cheerful energetic presence gone from among us.

A tablet to the memory of the late Dr. William G. Eliot has been placed in the church.

Dr. Eliot of Portland preached recently.

The February meeting of the Eliot Society presented the church work in very good condition. The Sewing-school, Mission and Morning Sunday-schools, Sewing Society, Junior Eliot Society, each presented reports of active work. A missionary fund has been added to our resources, by means of which the society hopes to be more effectual as a branch of the Women's Alliance.

**St. Paul, Minn.**—The women from the Unitarian and Universalist churches in St. Paul and Minneapolis have organized the Liberal Union of Minnesota Women, to promote fellowship and the discussion of questions of religion, ethics, and philanthropy. Its next meeting is to be held March 28, at the Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis. Mrs. Alice Ames Winter will read a paper.

**Ware, Mass.**—Two sermons by Rev. V. E. Southworth—one entitled "Are we Christians?" and the other "A Commonsense View of Conversion"—have recently been printed in pamphlet form as a tract for missionary use.

**Winchester, Mass.**—Last December the young people of the Unitarian church were gathered together, and asked if a service on alternate Sunday evenings would be helpful and interesting to them. There seemed to be but one opinion. They came together one Sunday evening shortly before Christmas, and the objects of the proposed meetings were set before them. The services were wholly religious in their object. The end in view was, specifically, the cultivation of *reverence*. The method has been that of a simple religious service: namely, a hymn; an invocation prepared so that all might repeat it together, sometimes preceded by the reading of a few sentences of Scripture or other devotional literature; the invocation was followed by a responsive

reading, taken from the Sunday-school "Service-book"; another hymn; a prayer repeated in concert; a short address by the minister; one or more hymns; the "Lord's Prayer," either repeated or sung together; the benediction. The subjects of the addresses or talks were taken, after New Year's, from six of the titles of the seven chapters of Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture." They were not, however, talks upon cathedral building. The general subject was "Character Building"; and the titles of Ruskin's book served admirably for the "texts" of these talks. "Sacrifice," "Truth," "Power," "Beauty," "Life," and "Obedience" seemed to the projector of the services some, at least, of the elements out of which "character" must be built. Then, as Ruskin is, perhaps, more of a preacher than an architect, it seemed a good thing that young people should become acquainted with some of the wonderfully beautiful and strong passages in the "Seven Lamps of Architecture." At the close of the talk, or during its progress, one or more of these passages were read. Certainly, nothing can be found in English literature more beautiful or more pregnant with moral earnestness and inspiration than the last paragraph of the chapter, "The Lamp of Truth." To help us on the musical side of the service, the "Hymnal" recently published by Mrs. Williams has been used. It proves, at least for such meetings, to have in it all the devotional helpfulness claimed for it by its compiler.

These services have been well attended throughout the winter by young people, mostly between fifteen and twenty-five years of age. Eighty per cent. of those attending are in their teens. A lady of the church—she was very sceptical as to the success of such services at first—asked what attraction was offered to make young people attend such meetings. The answer was,—and it is the absolute fact,—"None whatever." The leader of those services believes, with the force of absolute conviction, that young people have *religious* feelings, and that you have only to touch them in a healthful, natural way to bring them into active operation. He believes that all feelings, pre-eminently the *religious* feelings, need an opportunity to express themselves. They cannot otherwise develop. A simple and genuine service is in itself an adequate way of such expression, and is all the "attraction" that is needed, or that in this case has been offered. The one thing needed, in the writer's opinion and experience, to awaken religious interest in young people, is *religion*,—simple, genuine, devout religion. *Reverence* develops under its influence, as the rose or the lily grows beautiful under the influence of the summer sun. The cultivation of reverence by means of rational, healthful, religious expression has been the aim, the only "attraction." It has succeeded thus far, and, in our opinion, will succeed in interesting our young people anywhere.

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## *MRS. EUNICE B. WILLIAMS.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Whenever I hear, as sometimes it is my lot to do, doubts expressed as to whether our Unitarian faith is worth sustaining, my thoughts at once revert to the noble manhood and womanhood, equal to that which any church can show, which our liberal religion has bred. And I do not think chiefly at such times of the great galaxy of preachers, poets, philanthropists, and reformers who have been such an ornament to our denomination, but of the host of modest and unrenowned saints whom we have nurtured and brought to bloom in our congregations.

The recent loss which our church and denomination have suffered in the death of Mrs. Eunice B. Williams of Yonkers is a loss too great to be passed unnoticed. To all those who had the privilege of a close acquaintanceship with Mrs. Williams, she represented pre-eminently the fragrance, power, and beauty of that genuine goodness which perfumes the atmosphere of so many of our churches with its sacred memories.

As some gently flowing streamlet finds its way through the meadows, almost hidden beneath the tall grass, but demonstrating its presence by the cheerful music and fresher verdure that attend its course, so did her gentle and unostentatious life bless and brighten all those within her sphere of influence. Her serene equanimity ever rose superior to circumstances. Her gracious dignity won every heart. Her singular elevation and purity of soul impressed even those who had but slight acquaintance with her; and to those who came to know her well her invariable kindness of spirit, her devout faith and true Christian life, was a crown of honor to her liberal faith and the most persuasive commendation of its uplifting power. To grow one such saint is a priceless fruit worth fifty years of effort to any congregation. For such a life at once deepens our love for God and strengthens our faith in man and his immortal destiny. Though the earthly form perish, the eternal essence survives, inspiring the best instincts of the soul, quickening the hope of immortality, and becoming, indeed, henceforth—

"The sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense."

JAMES T. BIXBY.

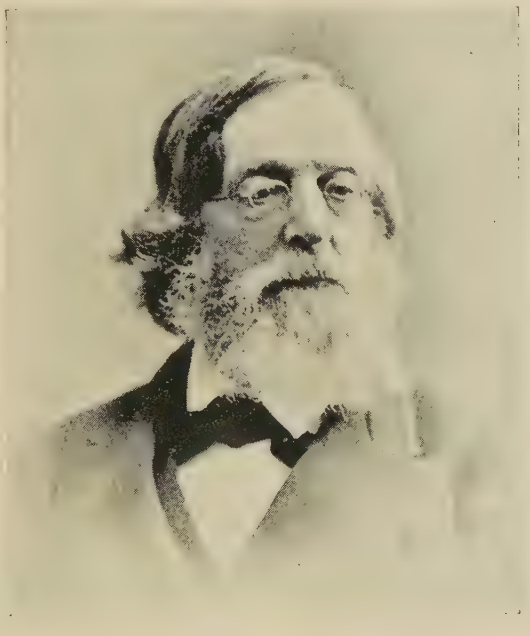
Yonkers, N.Y.

# PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

IN this issue the publisher of the *Unitarian* begins a Department to be devoted to matters of interest in connection with the progress of Liberal Thought, as manifested in the growth of his own publishing business. It ought, from month to month, to be as interesting and valuable a Department as any in the magazine.

The object, of course, is the still wider propagation of the Liberal Word, through the increased circulation both of our periodicals and our book-literature. In the list of publications now bearing the imprint of Geo. H. Ellis are works, not a few in number, which include within themselves the satisfaction almost complete of that very urgent and helpful Time-Spirit, than which nothing to-day in the religious and thinking world is more prominent. These works, while already many of them have met large and appreciative sale, deserve far wider notice and circulation than they would naturally receive unless directly and continuously brought to the consideration of the reading public.

There ought, furthermore, to be no department of church-work or private missionary zeal, into which any man or woman of liberal religious thought and life should enter with more ardor, than the active and persistent circulation of that Liberal Word which contains in itself the solution of so many of the pressing religious and social problems of our time. Any religion or social thought not worth propagating is not worth holding. Too much of the Liberal work in the past has been passive. It has shrunk from proselyting. The world however is now so largely catching up with that Liberalism which has been, that the *progressive* Liberalism is being now almost shamed — by the very crying needs of the age — into the preaching of its Modern Gospel with a zeal and power approaching that of the holders of schemes of thought and life less true and satisfying but ap-



James Freeman Clarke

parently of greater energizing power. Thus we look, in this new Department of the *Unitarian*, for the active and interested co-operation of every reader who, in his or her own experience, has proved the value and helpfulness of the Word here to be progressively outlined.

## A FEW MATTERS OF VALUE TO HAVE IN MIND.

WHEN ABOUT TO MAKE A GIFT, think if a book, or the subscription to some earnest periodical for six months or a year, would not be the most satisfying and permanent gift you could make.

IN THINKING OF A FRIEND, ponder if you might not enlarge his or her life by quietly sending some inexpensive volume of high thought and earnest suggestion, as a token of your regard.

BEFORE BUYING THE BOOK or subscribing for the periodical, call to mind the Liberal publications with which you are acquainted, or examine some catalogue of Liberal books, to learn if here, rather than something of purely literary or transient value, may not be the wise thing to send.

DO NOT STOP TO ASK YOURSELF, "Is this friend 'orthodox' in thought or 'Liberal'? and if 'orthodox' shall I not be trespassing on friendship or conventionality if I send a 'Liberal' volume?" There are few, in this new day, who would not *delight* to have the Liberal page, if sent to them without their seeking or asking for it. They perhaps might not themselves seek out the work, but, having it, they would read and be helped by it. The new and happier Thought of To-day is in the air, and many look toward it longingly.

BEAR IN MIND that the *Unitarian* and the *Christian Register* are two of the ablest-edited and most wisely progressive religious periodicals printed, and that the large variety of topics included in the LIST OF PUBLICATIONS of Geo. H. Ellis cannot fail to supply your need for a book, whatever branch of modern need you would like the book you buy to treat of.

A complete Catalogue of our publications will be sent to any address on application. We here speak of one or two of our more recent works, endeavoring to give some idea of their scope:

### The Insight of Faith.

*Brief Selected Paragraphs from the Writings of Henry W. Foote.*

Perhaps from "books of devotion" in general the majority of the holders of liberal religion shrink. They know how spiritually unsatisfying the ordinary work of this nature is; no word to-day—however ostensibly deep and high—can really be spiritually "satisfying" if at the same time it shocks the reason or is so conventionally pious in phrase as to repel.

In the present booklet we have something stronger and broader than the customary devotional volume: we have the high call to self-reverence and self-reliance, and the sight of Possibility. Mr. Foote, in his personal thought, was of the older, the conservative Christian Unitarianism. But in these pages is the insight of faith which, however founded on theological and Christological props, does not, after the fashion of that ordinary devotional expression to which we are accustomed, keep the props always in such naked rudeness before us that we see them only, and fail wholly of the beauty and helpfulness of the structure they but serve to uphold. The desirable structure is a divine manhood. Devotion is the upbuilding and sublimation of the individual soul, through sight of Blessedness and the struggle therefor. Worship is not for God's sake, but man's. Devotion is not a rhetorical varnishing of deity, or of any world-saviour, but the inspiring of self to life-victory. And this is the strong sound — the martial music — of these "paragraphs" from Mr. Foote's unpublished sermons.

If every tried heart and tempted soul might have continuously by him or her this little book — it will take up little room lying open on the desk or work-bench, and will slip easily into the coat-pocket or work-basket — life would be stronger, and fuller of recognized blissful opportunity from the moment of the volume's possession and first use. It should be a gift to many a young man and young woman, from any one interested in them, as an inspiring "companion" till its high incentive becomes a part of the *self* of every possessor of it.

Open the booklet anywhere: —

The world sees a conqueror in him who overcomes by *subduing:* the gospel sees a victor in him who overcomes by *rising above.*— p. 46.

Only they whose faces shine with the glory of some inspiration which lifts them out of themselves shall ever do abiding work in this earnest world, and themselves shine in the memory of those who come after. To "press towards the mark of the *high* calling" is the secret of all true success.— p. 47, 48.

The possibilities of evil and weakness which are in every soul may become *realities* of good and strength. Exactly for that end is life given us, and all its encouragements and all its hardnesses invite us toward that grand result.— p. 5, 6.

This is the kind of Bugle-Call of Devotion which Mr. Foote's paragraphs give us through the 115 finely-printed pages of the little volume here noticed.

[*In flexible cloth, 50 cents; morocco, full gilt, $1.50.*]

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## Members of One Body.

*Six Sermons by Rev. S. M. Crothers.*

Brotherhood is more than caps and gowns. Religious fellowship is greater than Creeds and Articles. There is a close communion of soul mightier than close communion of bread and wine. If Mr. Crothers had wanted a Bible text or motto for his broad-spirited, delightful book, Paul's word to the Corinthians (a trifle adapted) would have come in pat for the title-page: "There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and no kind is without signification. If, however, I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be to him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh will be a barbarian unto me. Since ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, seek that ye may abound unto the edification of the Church."

In the whole list of Liberal Religious books, past and present, it would be hard to find any series of utterances freer with the true freedom — more ingenuous, more appreciative, more prophetic of the unity that is to be, more religiously "satisfying" — than Mr. Crothers gives us in these six discourses. The reader grows in love with the book and the man from the beginning on. We have heard from of old that Liberal Religion, if it means anything, means a Religion of Brotherhood — the Brotherhood of Man. Yet, after all, it has, until now, largely meant only the Brotherhood of those who are as "advanced" as we are — and not less advanced — or more! Brotherhood, however, begins for the first time when we can fellowship, in all good things, at least some a step or two behind — and *possibly* some a step or two ahead. There is a unity of the "spirit" which is *world-wide*, awaiting our recognition.

This does not mean, either, any flabbiness of belief; any compromise of thought or sight or deed or high ideal. As Mr. Crothers admirably says in his brief Introduction:

> There is a loyalty to one's creed which is to be commended. The man who has a reason for his own opinion, and who has the courage always to declare it, is not to be despised; and each church may well seek to cultivate such loyalty on the part of its members.

But the Church "has also a larger work than this." It must teach its members "loyalty to the spirit which is behind all forms of thought and worship." And these six brief sermons or papers by Mr. Crothers go farther than anything else extant of which we know toward intelligently and lovingly showing men how and why.

The "familiar phases of historic Christianity" treated in the first five discourses are these: Roman Catholicism, Calvinism, Methodism, Rationalism, and Mysticism. To the chapters embracing these there succeeds a discourse, "The Unity of Christendom," in which we are helped to "take our bearings and see to what point we have been irresistibly led."

The treatment of no one of the topics could easily be bettered. No broad-minded person will fail to revel in, and be still more broadened (with the best and highest broadening) by every one of them. Every one of them is interesting, instructive, and suggestive in a high degree. For busy people the outline alone, which each chapter contains, of the stronger, more helpful points in the various schemes of religious thought and life discussed, renders the book invaluable.

From this volume — in its special field unequalled in simplicity, directness, and satisfactoriness — we may perhaps quote, on other occasions, in this Department. We feel that we ought to sound its value here till every serious reader of good things, and every well-wisher of a practical, inclusive religion, within the *Unitarian's* reach, has done himself the happiness to secure and ponder the entire book for himself.

[*Cloth, 132 pages, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.*]

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## In Spirit and in Truth.

*Essays by Younger Ministers of the Unitarian Church.*

Published but a week or two, it is already seen that this work is likely to create, not a ripple only, but quite a stiff breeze of comment and interest, in many quarters. It is a volume striking in its conception and gratifying in its matter. It manifests that the Liberal Religion is a religion — positive and spiritual; that it is, at the same time, a religion free and progressive; and moreover, that it "means business."

The titles of the Essays, with the authors' names, will be found in the advertising columns.

In a recent Sunday issue the Boston *Herald* gave a lengthy article to a consideration of this and other recent Unitarian expressions. We cannot do better this month than quote a paragraph from the *Herald's* article, holding further

comment of our own on the book, with extracts, till later:

The question is, how far the Unitarian people will accept this book in good faith. It represents a constructive tendency, an effort on the part of bright and ingenuous men to see things straight and clear. To our thinking it is a book that would have made the heart of Starr King dance for joy, that would have gladdened the eyes of Parker, radical as he was, because it holds out the hope of the larger faith that Parker did not live to embrace. . . . These young men do not pose as great scholars, or as superior to their brethren. They aim to "speak out of their lives rather than out of their libraries." . . . Nothing since the publication of "Essays and Reviews" thirty-two years ago, in England, has shown more courage or indicated a truer outreach to what is best in our American religious life than these simple, unpretending, and yet honest, essays by men who feel that "every earnest word out of life is a needful and helpful word."

[*Cloth, 163 pages, $1.00.*]

## The Evolution of Christianity.

*Twelve Discourses by M. J. Savage.*

Judging from comments and reviews, it seems to be generally agreed that Mr. Savage's latest volume, entitled as above, is one of the ablest—perhaps the ablest—of all his numerous works. The discourses here gathered, as they succeed one another in the book, have a consecutive and accumulative interest; their clearness and force on so important and timely a theme should carry the book into many editions. Perhaps there is no other volume extant that reveals so well, in small compass, the whole subject of the thoughtful world's modern growth away from the "old" and the "misapprehended" in religion, towards the "new" and "stable,"—the full and convincing reasons for every advancing step being faithfully and fully though briefly shown; the 178 pages as a whole embracing, in their way, a general epitome of all latter-day Biblical criticism and scientific demonstration so far as these touch the topic in hand. Saying this we hardly know what we could say more. The book is admirable.

In a clear and "understanding" joint review of Mr. Savage's present book and Mr. Crothers' recent volume ("Members of One Body"), the Boston *Times* presents certain interesting and just conclusions concerning the religious movement to which both of these men belong. The Unitarian denomination—unique in the world as the Free Church—tends constantly, the *Times* suggests, to become a bond of union between religion and all departments of modern thought and investigation. Above all other religious bodies it rejoices in and gladly accepts all new discovery—the assured results of all latter-day research and insight in whatever direction. And it does not stop merely with the new statistics and facts and ways of looking at things—

In its best manifestations it stands as truly for inclusive spirituality as for intellectual freedom. Because at the very first it represented a high type of earnest culture, the era of dogma was soon left behind, and the endeavor of its leaders became what it now is, to gather the sincere and the liberal into a fellowship of the spirit.

The two current volumes "by chief men in the church," the *Times* continues, "seem to us strikingly to illustrate this tendency. They have a double claim to attention: they display a tendency in ethics, and they are literature."

The *Times* concludes thus:

The old conception of a book of sermons made it a feature of the Sunday penance. Neither of these volumes is suited to that character. Mr. Savage's sermons are perhaps the more thoughtful, Mr. Crothers' the more devout; and, though both preachers justify themselves by logic, the Western divine lays the more stress upon faith and affection. But both books are sincere and straightforward, and a man is attracted to every sermon. One reads with pleasure and confidence and hopefulness, and finds the end come all too quickly.

[*Evolution of Christianity. By M. J. Savage. Cloth, 178 pages, $1.00.*]

## A Series of Portraits.

We propose to add to the attractiveness and value of this Department of the *Unitarian* by presenting each month the finely engraved portrait of some prominent Unitarian. We begin the series in this issue, with a representation of James Freeman Clarke, than whom, probably, no man in the denomination was ever more loved or respected by large masses of men.

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